



HOME LYRICS.



HOME LYRICS.

A Book of Poems.

BY

H. S. BATTERSBY.

SECOND EDITION.

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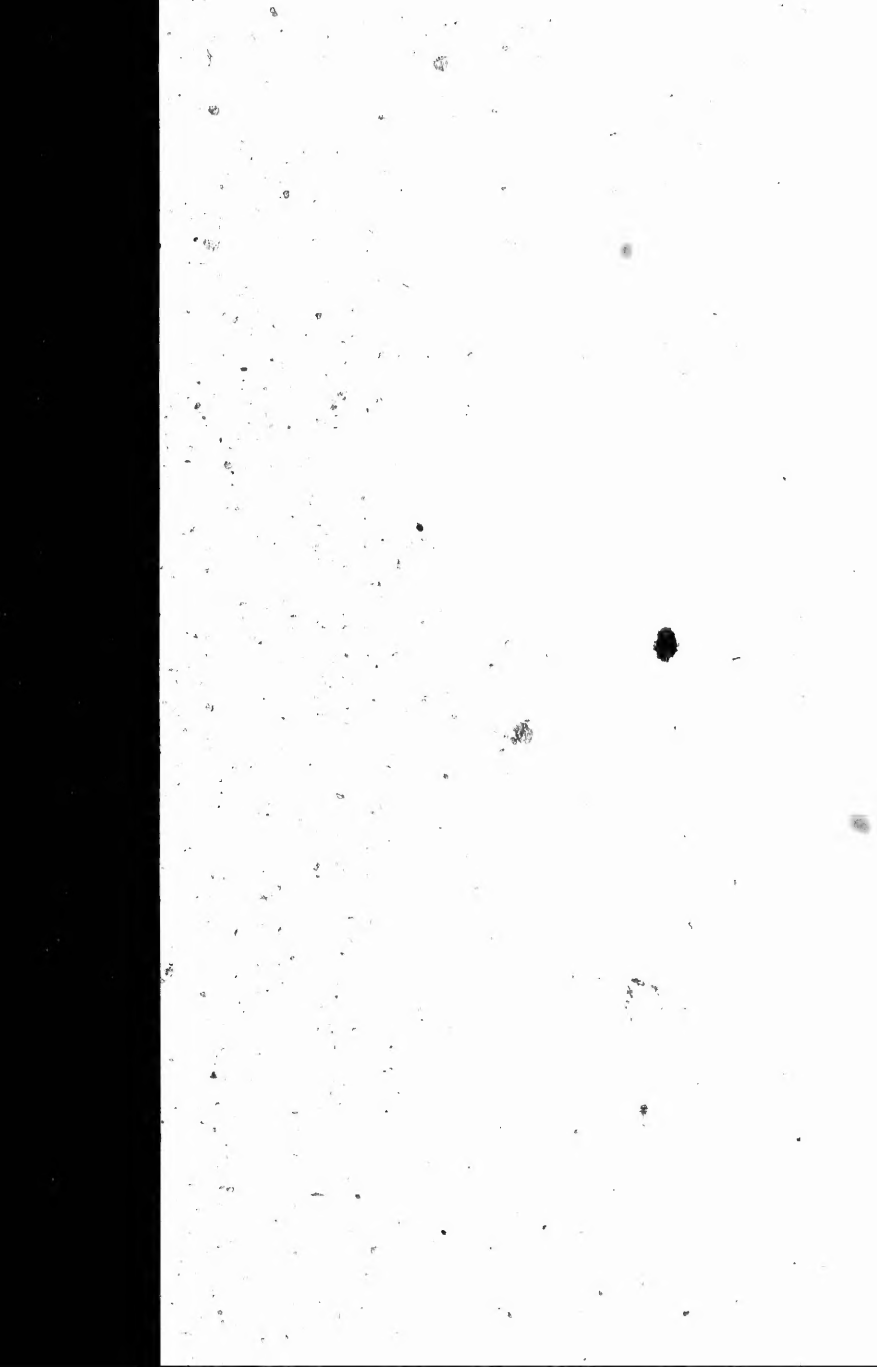
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PREFACE.

THE poems that make up this volume of verse have been written at various times, and under various circumstances; and several of them have already appeared separately, in the columns of journals, as occasional contributions. They are published chiefly for the author's dear children, relatives, and valued friends, to whose hearths and hearts it is hoped that they will, as "Home-Lyrics," readily find their way.

H. S. B.





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HOME LYRICS.

THE OLD HOME.



F VISITED the old home, so loved in times of yore,
Round which fond memory's sweet perfume will cling
for evermore ;

It was the Eden of my life, in years long passed away,
The altar where heart-worship burned and brightened day by
day.

And lingering long, by sad thoughts bound, I to one chamber roam,
From which had gently passed to heaven, the partner of my
home—

His spirit seemed to hover by, where we sat side by side,
When, in life's rosy joyous morn, I was his happy bride.

And there a darling mother sat—a mother loved and blest—
We know that she is happy, too, in heavenly peace and rest—
For duty was the watchword still of her unselfish life,
Dear loving parent, faithful friend, tender, devoted wife !

Shrined in the dear old homestead were sad memories of the
past,
That brimmed my eyes with scalding tears that chased each
other fast ;

And there were visions, radiant with many a cherished scene
Of joy, and peace, and happiness, that the old home had seen.

I passed to other chambers, and paused again in one
Where first a darling daughter's face my fond affection won ;
Then to another well-known room, sacred to memory
Of tiny prattlers' pattering feet—my children's nursery !

Here stood the cupboard that contained the dolls, and bricks,
and toys,

That never failed to fill with glee my little girl and boys ;
Here hung the tiny shoes and caps, there stood the pretty cot
Where lay the jewel that made all our cares and griefs forgot.

And here stood Trot's wee bookcase, with all her treasures gay,
Displayed in wondrous order, and re-arranged each day ;
And there the tailless hobby-horse, on which in turn all rode
When " Beauty flew to London town " with each delighted load.

Then, though with pleasure for my guide in other lands I roam,
Still do I love to wander back to the pure shrine of home—
And still though grief may temper the rich memories of the past,
My heart to the old home will cling, and love it to the last.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.



ANOTHER gentle spirit fled !
 Another shrouded face !
 Leaving us sad and sorrowing round
 Another empty place !

Gone from the home she loved so well,
 To a brighter, happier sphere.
 Hers is the priceless gain—and ours
 The silent, bitter tear.

I knew her well in days long past—
 That gentle, loving heart ;
 Meeting again, I little thought
 We were so soon to part.

One of earth's joyous spirits she
 Whose smile reflected light ;
 Whose presence gladdened, and who knew
 To make life's pathway bright.

Full of ripe years she sought the home
 Where griefs and troubles cease ;
 Ah ! who would wish her back again
 From heaven and perfect peace ?

Lessons there are that each may learn
 From such a life as this :
 How cheerful, loving thoughts and words,
 Fill hearts and homes with bliss.

True Christians by their presence shed
 O'er earth a hallowing ray,
 Making through life's oft gloomy path
 A love-illumined way.

O Life, what art thou but the means
 To all who choose it given,
 To fight that fight, and win that race,
 That gains God's love and heaven?

O Death, what art thou but the door
 Through which we all must go,—
 To an eternity of love
 Or dark and utter woe?

Time passes swiftly, and we soon
 Must pass within that door,—
 To the full bliss and light of heaven,
 Or darkness evermore.

Let each, then, bravely nerve himself
 For action in the strife,
 With God's help conquer self and sin,
 And win the heavenly life.

SYMPATHY.



HERE is a pure and beauteous chain,
 From angel regions given,
 Whose charmed links interlace the earth,
 And intertwine with Heaven.

Wrought of electric heavenly light,
Caught from bright worlds above—
A reflex and a symbol here
Of the Great Father's love.

It binds earth's forces, and the hearts
Of God's great family ;
Is endless, everlasting, great—
Vast as eternity !

Its brightness never can grow dim—
Its lustre is divine—
For it was fashioned to endure
Through and beyond all time !

Say, what is this all-beauteous chain
That links harmoniously
Each atom of the universe?—
'Tis blessed Sympathy.

This is the glorious power, whose touch
Quickens to joy and love—
'Neath whose pure influence we gain
Foretaste of joys above.

'Tis this that gives supreme delight
Our choicest joys to share
With those we love, their burdens too
Ungrudgingly to bear.

This brought to earth Emmanuel—King
Of glory from above,
Linked us as one with Him, in His
Redeeming, matchless love !

Then call not life unblest while graced
 With Sympathy like this—
 To make earth's pathway bright, and lead
 To Heaven's own perfect bliss.

KIRK BRADDAN.



UPON the calm, clear summer morn
 Of a peaceful Sabbath day,
 To quaint Kirk Braddan's ancient church
 We went, to praise and pray.
 Finding the little building full,
 With crowds still gathering round,
 We strayed among the old grey stones
 Of the consecrated ground.

And as the gathering crowd increased,
 The cry came forth again :
 " No room for any more " within
 The overcrowded fane.
 Then the good Vicar, hearing this,
 So oft repeated loud,
 Left to the Curate those within,
 To join the expectant crowd.

We stood around him on the grass,
 Above the silent dead—
 Heaven's vast eternity of space
 Sun-gloried overhead—

And 'neath the grand old forest trees
That shaded the green sod,
We poured forth strains of prayer and praise
Unto the living God.

The sweet songs trembled on the breeze,—
Till wafted far on high,
They mounted, angel-winged, to swell
The anthems to the sky.
The faithful Vicar then proclaimed
God's messages of love,
Which seemed to flow direct through him,
From the Father's throne above.

And he gave that Father's message, "Come,
Just as ye are, to-day—
Through Jesus, by the Spirit, come,
'Tis Heaven's appointed way;"
Then solemnly he spoke of those
In death's cold slumber bound,
The aged few, the many young,
'Neath the grey stones around.

No monotone unnatural—
No gorgeous, vain display—
No pantomimic pageantry
To lead the thoughts astray—
But simple, soul-inspiring words,
"The Book of books," in hand,
Solemn appeals from the Great God,
To this, the pilgrim band.

Though beautiful are sculptured fanes,
With glittering roofs reared high,
More beauteous still the Temple grand,
Of forest, sun, and sky ;
That Temple I shall ne'er forget,
That earnest, Heaven-winged prayer—
That melody of grateful hearts,
The simple service there.

Formed for the Ages! Based in Time!
Domed by the azure sky,
Of width and depth unbounded, vast,
Immeasurably high !
Sun-rise its eastern oriel lit
Each morn with new-born light;
Sun-set its western rose, where all
Earth's grandest tints unite.

Its organ, thunder, winds and waves,
The forest birds its choir—
The stars its tapers, and the sun
Its brilliant, quenchless fire !
The moon its lamp, prefiguring
Heaven's ever-constant care ;
Its incense, the heart's rich perfume,
Of loving praise and prayer.

It was a grand Cathedral, whose
Great Architect was God,—
Its canopy the heavenly arch,
Its floor the flower-gemmed sod.

Made for all peoples, nations, tribes,
With portals opened wide,
And its Great Author's matchless power
Displayed on every side.

It needs no strange device to reach
The loving Father's ear—
He, who pervades all time and space,
To every one is near—
Accepting worship of the heart,
In the dear Saviour's name,
Whether from rich Cathedral shrines
Or nature's holier fane.

LAXEY GLEN.



N this remote, secluded glen,
Far from the restless world,
My spirit joys to find itself
With pinions wide unfurled.

To revel 'mid fair Nature's charms,
And from her boundless store
Cull flowers of beauty, whose perfume
Inspires me more and more.

Pure are the lessons she imparts,
Affectionate and kind ;
Sweet peace and thankfulness her joys,
In grateful hearts enshrined.

Vast, solemn, silent mountains round,
In pompous grandeur rise,
To kiss and woo the fleecy clouds,
And commune with the skies.

Their graceful blooming slopes display
Rich gorse and purple heath,—
Save where the golden wheat waves high,
In smiling fields beneath.

And far below, deep in the glen,
Are stalwart lab'ring hands
Gathering the precious leaden ore,
In well-directed bands.

Their voices, borne on zephyr's wing,
Ring up the steep hill sides,
And tell how many a fustian suit
A noble spirit hides.

Oh active toilers, that unbar
Earth's undeveloped store;
May you unfailing harvest reap
Of heaven's yet richer ore.

Believe not that the worldly rich
Are happier than you.
Their wants are legion, as their cares;
Your wants and cares are few.

Heaven helps all willing working hands,
And aye will aid and cheer
Who strive well to aid themselves,
At their station here.

Let each his duties on life's stage
 Industriouslly fulfil,
 In love and labour trust, and wait,
 Obedient to His will.

Then in this calm enchanting glen,
 As in the city's glare,
 All may be happy if they will
 But seek Heaven's love to share.

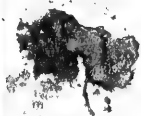
TO THE MOON.

EVER, when but a child, O Moon,
 I loved thee fervently,
 Believing that the Lord of heaven
 Kept watch o'er all, through thee.

And if, perchance, in wayward mood,
 Indulging anger—pride,
 How, conscience-stricken, did I strive
 From thee my face to hide.

But when at peace with all around,
 Ah! then I boldly raised
 To thee my happy, trusting eyes,
 And on thee fondly gazed.

Then wore thy face for me a smile
 Which plainly seemed to say:—
 "Strive on, thou precious little one,
 In virtue's pleasant way."



"And learn to know God through the calm
Chaste moon and star-gemmed sky,—
And through the sun that brightly shines,
For thee so lovingly.

"These tell thee of His constant care,
By night as well as day ;
And symbolise that heavenly love
Which cannot know decay."

And then I thought each beauteous star
A window, through which shone
The glorious love-light beaming forth
From the great Father's throne.

These were the simple, stirring thoughts
That round my childhood grew ;
And made me love thee, gentle moon,
With fervour ever new.

And when, in girlhood's riper years,
Truth forced me to confess
That these fond thoughts were but a dream,
Did I then love thee less?

Ah ! no. I nursed my childish faith—
Still fondly looked on thee
As God's great witness in the skies
To His loved family.

And now, in life's advancing years,
My spirit joys to tell
Of those old happy childish thoughts,
Round which fond memories dwell.

And still, O moon, thy influence gives
 Sure tokens of His love,
 And of those joys that wait for me
 In blissful homes above.

TO THE SCEPTIC.



HERE is the man who fails to see
 Transcendent power divine,
 Sustaining earth's grand canopy,
 Ruling in peerless majesty.
 Through all earth's forces equally
 In harmony sublime?

If such there be, oh let him trace
 In nature, nature's King ;
 For in creation's beauteous face,
 Beaming with light, and love, and grace,
 Lie truths which may his doubts efface,
 And light celestial bring.

For through the glad world's vast domain
 God makes His presence known ;
 He rides upon the stormy main,
 Grafts words of love on every grain,
 Scatters them freely o'er each plain,
 And makes true hearts His throne.

His name in characters divine
Is written near and far ;
His voice doth utter line on line.
Is heard far as the sun doth shine,
E'en in earth's deep and hidden mine,
And through each brilliant star.

He rideth on the wind's fleet wing,
Far o'er the mountains tall ;
The sun and moon their glory fling
Around, in homage to their King,
Earth's vocal choir adoring sing,
And hail Him Lord of all.

Then, scoffing sceptic, pause—oh, pause !
From error's maze be freed.
Trace out the source of nature's laws—
The origin of every cause.
Erase the soul-destroying clause
Of thy presumptuous creed.

Then shall thy wavering soul find rest,
When error's chain is riven ;
And, with faith growing in thy breast,
Obeying the great God's behest,
Thou may'st by Him be crowned and blest,
Eternally in heaven.

IN DREAMLAND.



GAIN to dreamland, with delight,
My spirit wings aerial flight,
From every earthly trammel free
To revel in immensity.

With pure ecstatic joy I rise
Through the illimitable skies,
By beauteous floating gems of light
Clustering around the Queen of Night.

O joy most precious ! Thus to be
From care and carking sorrow free,
And angel-winged to cleave the fair
Broad world-gemmed canopy of air.

Onward and upward, higher still,
My soul with rapture mounts, until
As a tired bird within its nest,
In heavenly bowers I sweetly rest.

Each childish trust, undimmed by tears,—
Each rose-set hope of childhood's years,—
Time's ripened faith that smooths the brow,
Seem to have reached fulfilment now.

Doubts stilled, tears wiped, all discord past,
A peace-crowned life attained at last ;
'Too joyful yonder world of bliss,
I wake, alas ! and am in this.

From happy childhood's earliest gleam
 I've revelled in this blissful dream,
 Which comes whene'er I'm most opprest
 To soothe my troubled soul to rest.

Foretaste it seems of joys to come
 In a divine and heavenly home,
 Where sin's discordant sounds shall cease,
 And all be joy and perfect peace.

RUTH.

TWO women—one infirm and old,
 Oppressed with grief and care;
 The other young and beautiful,
 With dark luxuriant hair—
 Journeyed together, from the land
 Of Moab, by the side
 Of that prophetic sacred stream,
 The holy Jordan's tide.
 Wearied and footsore, on they fared
 Disconsolate and lone,
 For sorrow o'er their aching hearts
 Its darkest shade had thrown.
 Bereft of those who o'er their path
 A blissful radiance cast,
 Yet murmured not those widowed ones,
 Though hope of bliss was past.

Weary and worn they sat to rest,
At the calm twilight hour
Whose peaceful silence o'er them shed
Its blest and healing power.

The elder of this sorrowing pair
Was aged Naomi,
Whose heart-strings round the other clung,
Fondly and tenderly.
For was not this her loving Ruth,
Her dead son's darling wife?—
The daughter dear whose only love
Still bound her unto life.
“My Ruth,” said Naomi, and sighed,
“Thy sister now hath gone
Back to her people and her gods,
Who her lone heart have won ;
Return thou after her, my child,—
To thine own land depart,—
Where thou may'st wed again with one
Worthy to win thy heart.”

“Intreat me not,” Ruth gently said,
“To leave thee, mother dear,
Or to return from following thee,
Though dark the way and drear.
For where thou goest I will go,
And safely, on my breast,
I'll pillow thy poor aching head,
And lull thee unto rest.”

"And where thou lodgest I will lodge,
I care not on what sod;
Thy people shall my people be,
Thy God shall be my God;
And where thou diest I will die,
And there my tomb shall be:
And nought but death, dear mother mine,
Shall sunder me from thee."

"God bless thee, child," Naomi said,
And tears of gladness fell,
As tightly clung that widowed one
To her who loved so well.
And as she saw how stedfastly
Ruth's fond and loving heart
Was purposed to go on with her,
And not till death to part,
She ceased to reason with her then—
Too happy to contend
With one inspired by love, to cling
To her till life should end.

Long locked in tender warm embrace
Mother and daughter stood;
Then knelt to thank the Great Unseen,
The Giver of all good.
They sought His loving guidance, care,
And aid to act aright—
For strength to conquer self, and keep
Their heavenly armour bright.

And the Eternal heard their cry,
And led them safely on
To Bethlehem of Juda, where
Had in those days begun
The barley harvest. So Ruth sought
To glean the golden grain,
Where the broad, sunlit, smiling fields
Of Boaz graced the plain :
And there beside his maidens fair
To stay she gained consent,
And gleaned from early morn till eve,
And then rejoicing went
To dear old Naomi, who knew
The great God would protect
His loving, trusting, gentle child,
And all her ways direct.

The glory of an autumn day,
And sickles flashing light,
Gleam hour by hour through all the plain
From rosy morn till night.
To sweetest strains of maidens' songs,
And sweep of young men's arm,
The golden grain is reaped and sheaved,
And fitly stored from harm.
Around are widows, orphans too,
And little children seen—
The welcome overflowing grain
With thankful hearts to glean.

Ah, in our day we sadly miss
The happy gleaner's face,
Which in those patriarchal times
In harvest fields found place.

But now a thrill of pleasure glows
Through every heart and hand
As kindly Boaz wendeth down
Among the joyous band.
He saith, "The Lord be with ye now;"
Whereto with reverend glee,
They all, in sweet-according tones,
Reply, "The Lord bless thee."
'Tis well from lord and servant when
Such courteous accents fall;
Let there be love 'twixt rich and poor,
For One hath made them all.

Then Boaz to his servants said,
"Who is this damsel fair,
So beautiful in form and face,
With dark and lustrous hair?"
And the men answered she, "This is
The Moabitish maid,
Who hath returned with Naomi,
And they together stayed."
Then Boaz kindly said to Ruth,
"My daughter, no more stray,
Reap not in any other place,
But with my maidens stay."

Then fell she on her face, and bowed
Herself unto the ground,
Rejoicing that his favour thus
She happily had found.

Then Boaz answered, "Lo, my child,
It hath been fully shown
How since thy husband's death thou dwell'st
With Naomi alone;
And for her sake hast left thy land.
Loved friends, and kindred dear,
And how, in trust on Israel's God,
Thou liv'st a stranger here.
The Lord shall recompense thy worth,
He full reward will give,
Thy new-found kinsman will protect
Ye both, while ye shall live.
Go, when thou art athirst, and drink,
Glean thou at eve and morn;
Abide thou with my maiden's now,
And eat the parched corn."

Thus Ruth increasing favour found
In her rich kinsman's sight,
Who gazed upon her lovely form
With wonder and delight.
And as he knew the damsel more,
Her goodness won his heart,
And thus he took her for his wife,
On earth no more to part.

A WELCOME TO MALVERN.

So Ruth and Naomi were now
 Happy indeed, and blest,
 And in the land of Bethlehem
 Found grateful peace and rest.
 And unto Ruth and Boaz soon
 Obed was born, that he
 Direct forerunner of the line
 Of David's house should be—
 Which ended in the advent bright
 Of God's beloved Son,
 Who, through a spotless life and death
 The world's salvation won.

A WELCOME TO MALVERN.



AIL, beautiful Malvern, dear ever to me !
 My heart throbs with joy on revisiting thee ;
 In tracing each line of thy well-beloved face,
 On thy emerald hill-slopes of radiant grace.
 Years have passed since I left thee, and I have surveyed
 The fairest of cities that proud man hath made ;
 Beneath the grand Alps' mighty ramparts I've passed,
 On the castle-crowned Rhine hath my anchor been cast.
 In Helvetia's dark gorges, imposingly grand,
 On peaked Montemvert I have taken my stand ;
 With rapturous pleasure I've bent o'er the side
 Of thundering waterfalls, lofty and wide.

I've skimmed the bright waters of fair Leman, too,
From whence the first glimpses, enshrined in heaven's blue,
I've caught of Mont Blanc, and her sisterhood fair,
Enthroned in their palace of snow in mid-air.

The Castle of Chillon, with dungeous and stake,
Once the terror and scourge of the homes of the lake,
Hath spoke to my heart of our poet of old,
Who the tale of "the Brothers" so grandly has told.

I've wandered by Thun, with its silvery cascade
Of Giessbach, with emerald verdure inlaid—
I've marked the skilled carvings, the people there make,
In their winter-bound homes by the frozen-locked lake.

I found sweet refreshment in calm Chamouni:—
A lovelier valley there nowhere could be—
Confidingly nestling in beauty and grace,
Like a love-cradled child in the Alps' fond embrace.

All these wonders of nature and wonders of mind,
With their thousand attractions of beauty combined,
Have served but to strengthen my fond love for thee,
And make thee, dear Malvern, still dearer to me.

In the peaceful retreat of thy lovely green hills,
By thy pure sparkling fountains and bright purling rills,
Ne'er-failing repose and refreshment I find
And sweet renovation of body and mind.

And then there's a proud thought of gladness to me,
That this is my country, unshackled and free;
To no tyrants in law, in religion, 'tis given,
To step 'twixt man's reason, his conscience, and Heaven.

MALVERN HILLS.

Then, though foreign cities a charm may impart,
 By their marvellous treasures of nature and art,
 Still, dear, peaceful Malvern, thou'lt evermore be
 The loadstone to win me back joyful to thee.

MALVERN HILLS.



STOOD on the proud hills of Malvern,
 Whose summits in majesty rise,
 And tow'r in their grandeur and beauty,
 To bask in cerulean skies:
 I gazed from the stern hoary "Beacon,"
 On the broad, verdant landscape below,
 And traced far away in the distance
 The Severn's meandering flow.
 And I deemed that no vale could be ever
 More peaceful or fairer than this,
 In the sun's parting radiance glowing
 'Neath the warmth of his last loving kiss.
 I saw the red sun proudly sinking
 To his glorious couch in the west;
 As the full moon in radiant beauty
 Rose peacefully out from the east.
 And the towers and tall spires of the churches,
 Still caught the bright sun's parting ray,
 Gleaming out from the valley like jewels,
 Till in twilight they faded away.
 And I deemed that no vale could be ever
 More peaceful or fairer than this,
 In the sun's parting radiance glowing
 'Neath the warmth of his last loving kiss.

Long ling'ring I gazed from the mountain,
 Breathing new and entrancing delight,
 In the mingling of light and dim shadows,
 Of that soothing and tranquil twilight ;
 And I poured forth my spirit in praises
 To the great Source of daylight and gloom,
 As I wound my way down to the valley
 By the light of the beautiful moon.

And I deemed that no vale could be ever
 More peaceful or fairer than this,
 In the sun's parting radiance glowing
 Neath the warmth of his last loving kiss.

THINE.



DEAR, loving, tender Father, Friend !
 Great Counsellor and Guide!
 Let me be Thine, and Thine alone,
 Whatever may betide.

Thine, in life's brightest, gladdest scenes,
 When hope gleams warm and bright,
 When ev'ry life-pulse throbs to joy
 In transports of delight.

Thine, when temptation's doubts and fears
 In hideous forms arise,
 To cloud the vision, and obscure
 The pathway to the skies.



CONSOLATION.

Thine, when the cold world's sneers and frowns
 Make life's work dull and drear,
 When loved and trusted friends prove false,
 And earth has nought to cheer.

Thine in the great hereafter, Lord,
 With all I fondly love—
 Thine, through eternity to dwell
 In bliss with Thee above!

CONSOLATION.



HEER up, beloved one, thine is not the heart
 To be unmindful of the Father's care—
 He who is all-sufficient can impart
 The needful strength for all thou hast to bear.

The darkest clouds may gather for a while,
 And cast deep gloom o'er every living thing ;
 But through them, howe'er dense, the Father's smile
 Can penetrate, and blessed comfort bring.

Thine have been trials few are called to bear,
 And bitter is the cup thou hast to drain—
 What matter, still, so they thy soul prepare
 A blissful immortality to gain ?

Short is the time for work that must be done,
 If we would gain a heavenly resting-place.
 O'er self and sin the victory must be won,
 Ere we can find acceptance through His grace.

Such is the work before us—and we must
Not waste the precious time within our power,
But work, and wait, in firm yet humble trust,
Unmoved by angry clouds that o'er us lower.

Then fix thy trusting gaze upon the throne,
There thou canst leave thy burden and find peace;
He who is all-sufficient, He alone
Can still the storm, and bid the tempest cease.

AN INCIDENT ON THE DEE.

JULY eve, supremely bright,
With nature hushed in calm delight,
Lured us to steer our bark o'er thee,
Thou silver stream, meand'ring Dee!

Lightly we skimmed the waters clear,
Forgot each anxious thought and fear,
And, lulled to calm upon thy breast,
Drank sweet absorbing peace and rest.

On, ever on, we glided fast,
Till Sandy Point was reached at last;
Then sprang ashore, and gaily sped
Where our brave Captain onward led.

Kind Turner stayed with gentle Rose,
To jest, and talk of friends and foes;
Bathed in the sun's retreating ray,
And crimson light of closing day.

After a health-provoking walk,
Enlivened, too, by mirthful talk,
When Thomas edged our Captain's wit,
Exciting many a charming hit.—

We reached our slender skiff once more,
And gaily glided from the shore
Just as soft twilight's mystic light
Faded into the arms of night.

Our oars the stream's clear surface broke,
And sweet responsive echoes woke;
Making glad music with the breeze,
That carolled to the drooping trees.

Entrancing twilight filled Heaven's fane
With her calm meditative train.
Whose magic influence dimmed the eye
With many a cherished memory.

Then the chaste moon in beauty rose,
Her peerless beauty to disclose,
And on the stream's expressive face
Mirrored her own with matchless grace.

The oars had scarce an echo woke,
When on our startled ears there broke
Strange sounds of gurgling water near,
That chilled our wondering hearts with fear.

He of the cool and thoughtful brow
Cried, "Silence, all! and turn the bow!
There's leakage here,—ply well each oar!
Pull bravely, boys, to gain the shore."

Then terror seized upon our crew;
Poor Rose exclaimed, "What shall I do!
If only I the shore regain,
I'll never skim the Dee again."

The gurgling water, rising still,
Now threatened our frail bark to fill,
And, though we tried to bale her out,
That there was danger none could doubt.

Each did his best, and still essayed
To seem not in the least afraid,--
Though inly feeling that we might
Soon find ourselves in sorry plight.

Our gallant captain and his crew
Pulled for their lives, as sailors do
Who calculate each stroke of oar
Required to take them to the shore.

And happily we gained the land,
Grateful thereon once more to stand;
For we had well-nigh found a grave
Beneath the cold relentless wave.

Well might we call our small boat frail,
And, angry, at its owner rail,
For in its side, when run aground,
A hole in rotten wood was found.

Take warning, who'd yourselves disport
Upon the Dee, by this report.
Examine well your boat, before
You trust yourselves to leave the shore.

TO THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS, NIAGARA.

"All's well that ends well," we exclaimed,
As we our cheerful home regained,
Recounting our intense affright,
On that most memorable night.

TO THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS, NIAGARA.



ONARCH of mighty foaming Cataracts,
Throned in imperial grandeur in the sky,
All hail to thee! Thou speakest to the soul
Through melodies sublime, that pierce the air
With nature's matchless thrilling eloquence;
Now raising thy triumphal song to heaven
In thrilling anthems of exultant praise—
Now leaping o'er the rock-bound precipice,
In thundering haste through hidden depths to flow,
And chant thy wondrous song in caves profound;
Then, as with new delight, rebounding swift,
Thou fashion'st exquisite bright shadowy webs
Of soft, ethereal lightness, to fling o'er
The splendour of thy beauty, which but veil,
Not hide, its rare, surpassing loveliness.
What heaven-born majesty of form is thine!
What impress on thee rests of godlike power!
As 'neath the glorious love-light of the Sun
Embraced in rainbow circlet of rich hues,
Thy emerald diadem gleams out with more
Than glittering light from myriad flashing spears,
Forming a mystic crown that well becomes

The massive splendour of thy royal brow—
The brow which has confronted ages, yet
Unrivalled shines in grace and loveliness !
Mighty art thou, as when the Father's voice
First called thee forth, to pour eternal praise
Through vast primæval forests, that engird
Thy stately realm with wild magnificence.
Well might the untutored Indian at thy feet
Fall prostrate, feeling well assured he heard
The voice of the Great Spirit in thy tones ;
Well might he with deep reverence consecrate
And plant his altar in thy hallowed shade—
For as I gaze upon thee, my rapt soul
Can choose not, but fall prostrate and adore
The Architect of so much loveliness,
The Source of such unmatched magnificence !
Oh, I could wondering look on thee, until
Outwearied nature might no longer gaze,
So chaste thou art, so mighty, grand, and free,
Fresh as when first thou sprangst from Deity,
Never exhausting thy great voice upraised
To win man's errant thoughts from earth towards heaven.
And I could listen to thy melodies,
Till wearied nature might no longer hear ;
So teeming with supernal joy thy tones—
So full of nature's holy harmonies—
That ever as I turn to leave, thy voice
Lures me to falter and come back, like some
Love-stricken swain, who eager, fain would press
Another and another loving kiss
Upon the ruby lip of her he loves,

TO THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, CANADA.

And even then would linger yet again.
 Thus leave I thee, thou lovely Cataract!
 And though perchance I see thee nevermore,
 Though Ocean's broad, stern barriers roll between,
 Though years on years flow by, I'll ever guard
 A fond remembrance of thy witching power,
 In memory's keeping, till e'en life shall cease.

TO THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS, CANADA.



THOU wild foaming Chaudière, how great my delight,
 To see thee leap over the dark, rugged height
 Of amber-crowned rocks, which encircle thee now,
 And form a rich chaplet to wreath thy fair brow.
 Veiled ever in whitest and purest of spray,
 Which dances around thee in frolicsome play,
 Or, boldly aspiring to pierce the blue sky,
 Like the breath of heart-incense ascending on high.
 I love to sit by thee, and hear thy wild voice
 For ever and ever so loudly rejoice,
 As though thou wert glad in thy freedom to roam
 Through the beautiful haunts of thy dark forest home.
 With purpose unchanging thou rollest along,
 Untiringly filling the air with thy song,
 And, "Onward, right onward"—thou seemest to say,
 And joyfully onward thou cleavest thy way.

Right onward, o'er precipice rocky and steep,
Through caverns, by whirlpools, o'er rapids to leap ;
Defying all hindrances thrust in thy way,
And laughing to scorn them that urge thee to stay.

Oh, wild-rolling waters ! oh, white-crested foam,
I too would press onward, right on to my home ;
Like thee, with stern purpose, let nothing impede,
Or cause me to falter in courage or speed.

My mission, like thine, is right onward to go,
Though tempests be raging, and dark waters flow.
Oh, might I, like thee, with firm, resolute voice,
Through dangers, and even through tempests, rejoice!

For have I not blessings unnumbered, unsung
By the harp of my soul—ah ! too often unstrung,
Or cast by, forgetful of all that I owe
To the bountiful Source from whence blessings still flow.

Then arouse thee, my spirit, tune quickly thy lyre,
Let Chaudière's grand waters its best tones inspire .
To sing to the great loving Father above
In strains never-ceasing, of worship and love.

Farewell, lovely waterfall ! I must away,
Far, far from thy glad song of torrent and spray ;
But deeply I'll cherish thy teachings, to be
Still steady of purpose, and changeless, like thee !

THE VOICE OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.



Are beauteous nature's children,
Of the far Canadian shore,
From whose towering heights wild torrents
Ever solemn songs out-pour.

And we speak of woods primeval,
Vast, unbroken, dense, and lone ;
And the footstep of the white man
Never in their depths was known.

But the Indian warrior's war-whoop
Was the one shrill sound that woke
Echoes through their tortuous windings,
And their solemn silence broke.

Some of us from trees are severed
Rising high o'er land and sea,
Giant sentinels of verdure
Glorying in lone majesty.

Some on graceful maple trembled—
(Maple with the beaver twined
Is fair Montreal's fit emblem,
Industry and wealth combined).

Some upon Quebec's grey ramparts
In rich crimsoned glory grew ;
Some o'er Ottawa's swift river
Quivering summer shadows threw.

Some streamed down on sad Mount Royal,
Lending deep and solemn shade
On the peaceful, verdant hillocks
Where the loved and lost are laid.

Some 'mid groves of pine-stems nestled,
Near the frowning rocky steep,
Where the foaming cataract's thunder
Sings its music wild and deep.

Some on dazy heights that girdle
Grand Niagara's wild flow—
Quivering o'er the misty current
As it foamed and surged below.

Gathered 'neath the dreamy sunlight
Of the Indian summer sky,
When calm autumn's gorgeous love-tints
Robed us ere 'twas time to die.

By fond hands that send us, glowing
With the blush of western skies,
To her loved ones o'er the ocean
For a love-charged sweet surprise.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.



LORENCE I with thy dear name I would impress
This virgin leaflet of what is to be
A precious record and rich treasury
Of many a chaste and heart-born melody.

FAREWELL TO CANADA.

Wise, tender, witty, loving words and thoughts
 Will be enshrined within its leaves; whose grace
 In the dim future thou wilt fondly trace,
 When some dear hands whose imprint on it lies
 Will, in Time's measured course, have passed away
 To the full glories of the endless day.
 Those lines, the echo of their varied song,
 Will make sweet music in thy heart, and bring
 Back through the vista of the years the tones
 Of thy glad girlhood, and of those who wove
 A flowery chaplet round thee, making life
 Resplendent with affection, in a bright
 Glad consecrated home of peaceful calm;
 And though, perchance, the survey oft may fill
 Thine eyes with blinding tears, that needs must flow,
 Yet shall thy heart thrill with a holier glow,
 Whilst through its depths affection's voice will steal,
 And all its deepest, sacred joy reveal.
 Then let the wish of this, my brief verse, be
 That thou, dear Florence, kindly think of me.

FAREWELL TO CANADA.



FAREWELL lovely Canada! I must away,
 Though it grieves me from thee and my loved
 friends to stray.
 Thou land of rich promise, thou home of the free,
 A tender, affectionate farewell to thee!

Farewell, my beloved son, dear life of my life !
My blessing rest on thee, thy children, thy wife ;
Thy love is a pure spring of joy to my heart,
The last of earth's treasures with which it would part.

Farewell to the hearths and the homes by whose light
I've passed many seasons of peaceful delight ;
For the stranger was fêted and welcomed by those
On whose prized affection her own will repose.

Farewell to the house of my God, where I've knelt,
Imperfectly off'ring the worship I felt ;
Where the message to man from the Father above
Was preached with true force in the spirit of love.

Farewell to the broad lakes the cataracts grand,
Which flow in wild beauty and brighten the land,
To the forests primeval, which silently still
Invite the strong hand of good labour and skill.

Farewell to the heights, where the sun ere he hies
To his gorgeous palace of rest in the skies
Floods the west with a matchless love-light whose fond glow
Bathes in heavenly beauty the valleys below.

Farewell, Montreal, with its clear cloudless skies,
And the sentinel mountain that o'er it doth rise ;
To the noble St. Lawrence, that bears on its tide
The commerce and wealth of all lands far and wide.

Farewell to fair Ottawa, youthful and bright,
In the far forest shrined in her glory and might,
Like a Bride in the strength of her beauty and power,
With her right royal Parliament buildings for dower.

A MAY PICNIC, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Farewell to Toronto, Ontario too,
With its emerald islands and waters of blue ;
To Ingersoll, panting with vigorous life,
Bright laurels to win, in the world's earnest strife.

Farewell to the western Gibraltar, Quebec,
To the threatening cannon her ramparts that deck,
To the plains where our Wolfe his bold Britons hath led,
And where he and brave Montcalm repose with the dead.

Back ! back ! foolish tear-drops, take courage, my heart,
'Tis a fatherland beckons thee homeward to start ;
So, Canada, home of the loved and the free,
A tender, affectionate farewell to thee !

A MAY PICNIC, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BESIDE a lovely moss-clad dell,
Where ferns and wild flowers loved to dwell,
A lovely trellised cottage stood,
Sheltered by an o'erhanging wood,
Through which there bounded with delight
Swift laughing waters, clear and bright,
Which made the rocks and hills rejoice
With the glad music of their voice,
Till, rushing to the vale below,
They ceased from their impetuous flow ;
With beaming sparkling smiles to Heaven,
That in its bounty free had given

Repose, in such sweet resting-place,
Beneath the Sun's refulgent face,
The love-light of whose beams of gold
The waters mirror back and hold.
The moonbeams, too, rejoicing fell
Full on those streamlets of the dell,
And with supernal silvery light
Kissed and lit up that surface bright,
Making a scene of beauty there
Whose loveliness 'twas joy to share.

In that secluded cottage home,
O'erspread with clustering roses' bloom,
From childhood's hour young Ella grew,
In artlessness and goodness, too.
Not strictly beautiful,—yet still
Her sight with joy the heart would fill ;
So beaming with fresh native grace
Was gentle Ella's form and face.
Thus, though not set in classic mould
(Too often linked with natures cold),
These higher charms would charm full well
On whom her sunny glances fell ;
So bright, yet holy she, that all
Her friends would her their "Sunbeam" call ;
For sometimes her bright eyes would shine
With a pure light—almost divine,—
And her sweet voice, the live-long day,
Rang sweetly as that tender lay
Which angel-guards, on starry wing,
O'er infants' sleep are said to sing.



In early girlhood's budding prime
Ella had lost that love sublime
Which mothers only can bestow—
That from the deepest heart doth flow—
Which God has given in mercy free
To comfort tender infancy.
But 'twas not hers this loss to prove
Until that mother's priceless love
Had disciplined her youthful heart
In life to choose the better part—
By patient, earnest teachings given,
To fit her, through earth's cares, for heaven,
With loving tones, and gentle voice,
Which made young Ella's heart rejoice,
And mild reproof, too when required,
With watchfulness that never tired.
Thus did she in its fulness prove
The value of a mother's love,—
That deep full fount of boundless worth,
First, richest blessing upon earth;
That love that over infant sleep
Delights untiring watch to keep,
Sheltering it still, as with a wing,
From every ill the world can bring;
That guides life's earliest steps with care,
Rejoicing e'en its griefs to share.
The watchful love that hails each sign
From budding reason's precious mine
That bends the faithful knees in prayer,
To ask for Heaven's love and care;
That shows to man how from above

The great God showers on all His love,
And leads the mind that love to see
Displayed in every flower and tree ;
And as the opening mind expands,
Bends the young will to His commands,
Developing th' effect and cause
Of His unalterable laws.—
Showing that heavenly love always
Is manifested day by day.
O precious blessing from above,
There is no love like mother's love.
What wonder, then, that Ella grieved
The loss of love she erst received,
Which left her desolate to roam
Around that saddened cottage home.
For she was now the only child
Of one who rarely on her smiled.
An aged aunt, infirm and grey,
The chief companion of her way.
Indulgent to a fault was she,
Though quite unfit a friend to be.
Her father—he who should have been
Her guide and guard o'er life's great scene,—
Squandered his means and time away
With evil men, o'er wine and play,
Shunning his peaceful home and child
To roam through dissipations wild.
A voluntary exile, he,
From the home shrine of purity.

O hateful vice, denounced by Heaven,
How many tender ties thou'st riven.

And made hearths desolate and waste
Which else had been love's altars chaste !
Oh had thy votaries but the power
To see themselves for one short hour
With swimming brain and frenzied eye,
With tottering form and idiot cry,
With vacant smile and ghastly stare,
Telling that soul is vanquished there—
Reason dethroned, with all the dire
Results of heart and brain on fire—
They surely would prompt warning take,
And from such galling bondage break,
Ere they the penalty must pay
For sin, and be death's easy prey ;
At what an awful sacrifice
Do drunken men pursue their vice !
How willingly they wear the chain
That binds alike the heart and brain,
And court the fiend whose loathsome breath
Exhales but madness, woe, and death ;
Till outlawed by themselves from Heaven,
With every tie of virtue riven,
They in death's grasp despairing sink
Mad victims to this hateful drink !

Ella was nature's child, and she
Through her, adored the Deity.
She saw, and felt her Maker's love
On all things stamped, below, above,
The beauteous sunbeam's golden glow,
The laughing water's sparkling flow,

The scented breeze, the balmy shower,
The twilight's fascinating hour ;
The stars in their bright home on high,
Earth's boundless moonlit canopy ;
The hoary mountains, vast and strong,
Old ocean, with its wondrous song ;
The grand sun, throned in blazing light,
The gentle empress of the night ;
Defiant storms, contending high,
Silvered cloudlets floating by ;
Anthem of birds, low hum of bees,
Sweet-scented budding flowers and trees ;
Rude thunder's roar, keen lightning's flash,
Mysterious ocean's swirl and dash ;
The blushing dawn of new-born day,
The thrilling hush of twilight grey ;—
All nature's soul-inspiring sounds
Evoked in her revolving rounds,
Conspired to fix fair Ella's love
On their great Author, God above.
And she would pour her praises forth,
In glad communion with the earth,
In gratitude and homage free
To earth's eternal Deity,
That He had granted her the joy
Of such pure bliss without alloy,
To light her pathway, cheer her heart,
And make her love "the better part."

Few friends had Ella, but those few
Loved her with fond affection true,

And sought by every means to cheer
Her young life, girt by many a fear,—
Such friendship's value few can guess,
Who have loved hearts their homes to bless;
And so, one day, on pleasure bent,
They for their much-loved "Sunbeam" sent
To come to that fine mouldering pile,
Peel's lonely Castle of the Isle.
The day was fair with sunshine bright,
In keeping with their spirits light.
With tuneful song and mirthful glee
They ride along right merrily,
And many a witty tale recount
As they o'er hills descend and mount
On through the country lanes they sped,
Spring's glorious sunshine overhead.
Fresh-scented hedge-rows, as they passed,
Their perfumed greetings o'er them cast—
And birds poured forth glad, tuneful lays
In sweet, harmonious songs of praise.
No wonder, then, that all were gay,
With such glad radiance on their way;
For nature's holy influence
Led captive each delighted sense,
And all declared Old Time, that day,
Too fleetly winged his course away.

Now, soon descending at the town
Of good Holme Peel, of high renown,
They cross the river, where the fleet
Of herring-boats their glances meet,

By Peel's strong sons and fathers manned,
A trim, well-ordered, sturdy band—
With chosen Commodore, whose word
Is law, when on the ocean heard :
A man of character and skill,
Of courage and undaunted will,
To guide them o'er the briny deep,
And peace and order 'mong them keep.
It is, in sooth, a pleasant sight
To see this fleet depart each night,
Beneath the moon's soft silvery ray,
Or plunging through rough seas away,
Prepared to grapple with the storm.
Or ride out peacefully till morn.
So they secure their finny spoil,
And bring them safe, with care and toil.

Now, once more landed on the shore,
They mount the steps and reach the door
Which leads to the grey ruined pile
Of Peel's lone Castle of the Isle.
The guide is here, with stately bow,
Who ushers grave their footsteps now,
Through the old abbey, to the cells
Where many a touching tale he tells,—
How Glo'ster's Duchess proud endured
Captivity, and lay immured
For fourteen years, in dark despair,
In a deep, narrow dungeon there,
Moaning her griefs unto the sea,
Which ever mocked her misery.

Whilst o'erhead sounded revels gay,
'Neath Countess Derby's queenlike sway,—
Of poor Fenella, mute and grave,
Whose tower still overhangs the wave,—
Of the hound phantom, grim and dire,
Who joined the night-guards round the fire—
Unbidden and unwelcome guest,
Disturber of their song and jest ;
Of that poor sentry, who the brute
Pursuing, came back stricken mute !
How good Saint Patrick on this shore
In year four hundred forty-four,
Found Pagans and idolatry,
And planted Christianity—
And after staying here awhile,
Returned to his own Emerald Isle ;
How bold king-making Warwick here
Passed many a day of jovial cheer ;
How Christian set the King at naught,
And 'gainst the troops determined fought ;
And last though not the least, he told
Of one whom Manxmen long will hold
In veneration's holiest shrine,
Good Bishop Wilson, the divine—
Famed for his deeds of charity,
His humble, kindly piety.

Exhausted now the guide's deep lore,
They separate—some for the shore,
To seek for seaweed, pebbles, shells ;
And some to shady streams and dells,

To gather wild-flowers, in their turn,
With Spring's young, graceful budding fern.
Some mount the hills, to gaze below
On the broad ocean's ebb and flow,
While others, yet in pairs depart,
Not caring where, if but apart.
They mingle whispered words again
With fervent, foolish hopes, and vain ;
And each is happy in his way
On that bright, glorious first of May.

But now the sound of bugle fell
Upon the wanderer's ear, to tell
That their rich sylvan feast was spread
On a soft, verdant, grassy bed,
By the old tower and abbey grey,
Close shaded from the glare of day.
Like a dense swarm of busy bees,
All buzzing in the soft, warm breeze,
Obedient to the queen's behest,
They settle on that place of rest—
In Oriental fashion sit
With sharpened appetites to wit,
And not unpleased they then surveyed
The feast on damask white outspread.
Chicken, and ham, and savoury pie,
In rich profusion round them lie ;
Tarts, jellies, fruits, and ice were there,
And store of cakes and sweetmeats rare.
Champagne and claret, sturdy beer,
And water from the fresh spring near,

For those who have the sense to know
That there is nought so pure below
For man to drink, as water clear,
His spirit to refresh and cheer.
And there were crackers, too, for all,
For all love crackers, great and small.
They offer such an easy mode,
As they so merrily explode,
For making each brief sugared lay
Tell much you wish yet dare not say.
Rare fun and merriment went round,
To music's ever welcome sound.
The swains devoted to the fair,
With them much joy and pleasure share,
As, parrying jokes, they laugh and sing,
And make the air with gladness ring.
The rich repast soon disappears,
When lo! a crash awakes their fears;
A loud report—another, there!
At which all tremble, start, and stare.
Some shrieked and fainted, others rose
With front erect, to cope with foes;
The ladies clung in frantic fear
To their devoted partners near;
All felt convinced that blood was shed,
And feared to find a comrade dead.
They gazed around with frightened eyes,
And questions asked without replies.
Again that sound of fear! again!
When lo! the startling truth was plain—
The sparkling wines, well warmed, each one,

Beneath the scorching noonday sun,
Had leapt unbidden into life
Without the aid of screw or knife.
With loud reports and frantic haste
Champagne and corks each other chased,
Thus causing all those shrieks and sighs,
Those faintings, fears, and tearful eyes,
Which ended in much merriment,
For all were on enjoyment bent.
Thus time flies by on fleetest wings,
Until the hour for parting rings ;
When, gathering knives, plates, glasses, forks,
Distributing scraps, bottles, corks,
Among the little urchins, who
Had hovered round them the day through,
And leaving a substantial fee
For the guide's aid and courtesy,
They hasten to retrace their steps,
Gaily remount the waggonettes,
And briskly speed their homeward way
Beneath the sun's last parting ray ;
Reaching their homes as the faint light
Of lovely twilight fades in night—
That holy light of parting day
When nature, robed in garments grey,
Robbed of her sun's life-giving smile,
Pauses in quiet thought awhile,
Replete with influence from the skies
Man's mind to soothe and tranquillize.
Who has not felt the holy power
Of nature in her twilight hour,

And worshipped the abiding love
Transferred through her from Heaven above ?
Thus was it Ella's wont to feel
Nature's sweet influence o'er her steal
But now, alas ! she heeded not
The twilight with such calmness fraught.
Her beating heart and trembling form
Told of a sudden inward storm.
As, having gained her chamber, she
Mused in a trance of ecstasy
On that day's gathering, and on one
Who her first fluttering love had won.
Never until that day had she
Felt aught of love's intensity ;
But now she loved with all the true
Fresh feeling of a power so new —
A new world, beaming with delight,
Seemed opened to her rapturous sight,
As she recalled the accents dear
Which that day charmed her listening ear ;
And she the joy of loving proved,
With the sweet bliss of being loved.

And who had thus her first love gained ?—
Her pure and deep affection claimed ?—
Who touched the spring which made her feel
Such sweet emotion o'er her steal ?
'Twas a young stranger, who, that day,
Had joined them in their picnic gay.
Of noble lineage he came,
With wealth to boot, Norman his name.

Handsome, erect, of noble mien,
With brilliant eyes as e'er were seen.
His race long bore upon their shield
Proofs of their deeds on Hastings' field,
Proud were they of their pedigree,
And looked down all democracy,
Scorning all worth, however tried,
That boasted not of 'scutcheoned pride ;
Glittering in their own tinsel gay,
And keeping humble friends away.
One only child, this son and heir
Had lived their love and wealth to share ;
But late he'd left his home in pride,
To cruise upon the waters wide
In his trim yacht, with jovial friends,
And pleasures such as wealth still lends :
Thus chancing, on their homeward way,
To anchor near to Douglas Bay,
Some pleasant days they'd needs beguile
On Mona's pretty sea-girt isle ;
When Norman, with companions four,
Landed upon the pebbly shore,
Just as the revellers came in view,
One of whose party Norman knew—
Who asked him and his friends to share
Their picnic, and to Peel repair.
Most fittingly their thanks they paid,
And with the merry party stayed.
All hailed the strangers with a smile,
And quickly found them room the while ;
For Mona, as each young girl knows,

Is often very short of beaux.
Thus Norman and his friends, that day,
Were welcome as the flowers of May,
And added largely to the fun
Already heartily begun.

Norman was gentle and refined,
To outward view—with well-stored mind,
Of winning manners, comely form,
With wealth to boot, and nobly born;
So he was looked on as a prize
By the discerning worldly-wise,
Which made him very much too vain,
Nor cared he virtue to attain.
A subtle flatterer was he,
Insinuating as might be,
Proud of the conquests he had won,
Of mischief his false tongue had done;
Never reflecting on the woe
Which from his faithlessness might flow.

And seated thus by Ella's side,
Norman remarked her maiden pride,
The sweet simplicity and grace
Of her fair form and Saxon face,
The bright depth of her clear blue eye—
The calm yet dignified reply—
Through which there shone a well-trained mind,
With feelings lofty and refined.
And he bent o'er her with delight,
Entranced and captivated quite,

Thinking he'd ne'er seen aught so fair
As Ella with her golden hair
Then, in their ramble on the shore,
Her presence pleased him more and more;
And this false man breathed in her ear
Bright promises, his life to cheer,
If she would be his own dear wife,
And love him fondly throughout life.
Love him! ah yes! the tender spark
Lighted at once her pathway dark—
She felt his loving words and fair
An echo to her feelings were;
For he had won her trusting heart,
Of which his own now seemed a part;
And she, poor girl! believed him true—
He seemed a very hero, who
In fancy's dream had oft appeared,
When she her fairy castles reared.
And so, ere fell the twilight grey
Of that soft, balmy first of May,
They both stood pledged, come weal, come woe,
Thus hand in hand through life to go.

That night, like Ella, Norman sought
His chamber early, for the thought
Of the day's fervid passion came
Like spectres floating o'er his brain.
Could he look calmly on the past?
Was his heart truly touched at last?
Or were those vows, oft breathed before
In other ears, from shore to shore,

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Likely to be fulfilled, and be
His anchor on life's troubled sea ?
These, and a thousand questions more,
In quick succession flitted o'er,
While waking thoughts and restless sleep
Alternate empire o'er him keep—
And the sun's early morning beam
Still found him in his troubled dream.
Early he rose from his unrest—
'Twas a grave matter, he confessed ;
He blamed his rashness more and more—
He'd never gone so far before :
For though it was his constant boast
Young hearts to win on every coast,
Till then 'twas done with so much care,
To blame him none could ever dare.
But it was useless to deplore—
He'd from such toils escaped before.
So he to Ella would repair,
And for the worst her mind prepare ;
Recall, if possible, the past,
And o'er it doubtful shadows cast.

The sun shone brightly in the sky
In all his heaven-born majesty,
As Ella, blushing, artless, coy,
All radiant with her new-born joy !
To Norman graceful welcome gave
In answer to his greetings grave.
For she had never been deceived,
And all his promises believed.

Never once doubting he would prove
Most worthy of her trusting love.
She never thought, poor girl, that he
Pressed other hands as tenderly,
Or that his speeches were but part
Of many more he had by heart.
He gazed on her with delight,
She was so loving, trusting, bright,
That all his vague designs gave way
For undeceiving her that day.
Besides, perhaps ev'n after all
He might not his rash vows recall,
And, come what would, he did not choose
Her fond and trusting love to lose.
And thus he yielded to the power
And fascination of the hour,
Determining some other day
To undeceive his artless prey ;
And in the meantime to reject
All inward promptings to reflect.
So he proposed that she should be
His guide, the neighbourhood to see.
And as it had been fixed that they
Should pass the evening of the day
With Ella's friends, and others yet
Who yesterday together met,
'Twas safe for Ella to declare
That he had come to take her there ;
So Ella's aunt gave free consent,
And happy they together went.

Over the hills they wend their way,
Far o'er the pebbly beach they stray,
With many a tender look and smile,
And converse sweet the time beguile.
He told her of his travels far,
'Neath eastern skies, and polar star,—
Of the gay cities' brilliant glare,
Where wealth made pleasure everywhere ;
Until her dazzled vision grew
Enchanted with the scenes he drew,
And she, who ne'er had sighed to roam
Beyond her sea-bound island home,
Now thought, with mingled joy and pride,
How she should one day be his bride,
And view the wonders he portrayed,
Which the world's untold wealth displayed.
With thoughts like these, and converse sweet,
The wings of time flew all too fleet,
As from the church with old grey tower
The bells chimed out the evening hour ;
And then their friendly board around,
The evening all too brief they found.

As Norman homeward hied that night
His thoughts were very far from light ;
Knowing how false the game he played,
And of its consequence afraid.
For all too plainly now he saw
'Twould not be easy to withdraw ;
Then, on the other hand, 'twas clear,
Though Ella was to him so dear,

He could not think of marrying one
Of rank inferior to his own.
Besides, her father's habits low,
Had shocked his sense and feelings so
That he himself quite justified
Whatever evils might betide,
In breaking those rash vows, that were
Breathed with such fervency to her ;
And, after all, she'd soon forget—
At most a short time she would fret ;
So he would see her once again,
And then would make his purpose plain.

He met her strolling on the shore,
And found he loved her more and more.
She was so winning, gentle, mild,
And on him she so sweetly smiled,
That he felt quite inclined to pay
Her homage but for one more day ;
But in the meantime warn her well
To none their mutual vows to tell.
So, once more wandering side by side,
By margin of the ebbing tide,
He breathed into her willing ear
His softest whisperings, sweet and clear ;
Telling her that the morning grey
Would bear him in his bark away,
But that the waters, deep and wide,
Could never their fond love divide,—
That she must wait in patience, till
He could to her his vows fulfil.

When he would stem the fiercest tide
To make her his own darling bride.
Oh, wicked man ! again to sow
The seeds of so much bitter woe,
And doom to worse than death the one
Whose woe thy falsehood had begun !
And thus they parted,—she to feel
Most happy, 'till he his breast to steel
Against those whisperings of the mind,
Which, when neglected, leave it blind,
A prey to every kind of sin,
Tempted and tried without, within.

Ella, in her still chamber, now,
With joyous heart and beaming brow,
Felt that she was no more alone,
Since Norman's love was all her own.
No lot in the world's brightest glare
She thought could with her own compare,—
And though he bound her ne'er to tell
To others that they loved so well—
What matter ! whilst her trusting heart
Believed itself of his a part—
Besides, his smallest wish should be
Observed by her most sacredly.
She only wished that for his sake
She greater sacrifice could make,
To prove her love, that he might see
The strength of woman's constancy.
At early dawn the following day
Ella gazed fondly on the bay,—

Saw Norman's yacht the waves divide,
Borne swiftly by the ebbing tide.
That bark—a thing of life she seems—
Disporting 'neath the moon's last beams,
Gracefully gliding out to sea,
On the bright waters broad and free,—
Till fainter she the distance nears,
Then in the mist she disappears,
As though the waters of the deep
Had lured her to their caverns steep,
Leaving behind no single trace
To mark her fate or resting-place.
Long Ella gazed, but gazed in vain,
No speck was on the heaving main;
So, closing her dim eyes in prayer,
She sought for him the loving care
Of Him, the Ruler, throned on high,
Monarch supreme of earth and sky,—
And e'en though sad she felt, and lone,
Hope's glorious halo round her shone,
Brightening her solitary way
With its glad, renovating ray.

She loved him! Though he roamed afar,
He was her earthly idol, star
Of joy and gladness in life's waste,
Never receding, or effaced!
She kept her promise, did not dare
To name him but in secret prayer,
And with a loving maiden pride,
His image in her heart did hide—

With it would constant converse hold,
Her ev'ry sorrow to it told,—
Till it became a living part
Of her devoted, trusting heart—
And like a fire whose spotless light
No signal offers to the sight
Of life's deep hidden, living store
Glowing within its heart's warm core—
So Ella hid the sacred flame,
Within her heart enshrined his name.
With not the slightest outward show
To mark her soul's deep inner glow.
And she would muse on each dear word
She had with trustful gladness heard,
Would dwell upon them singly now
With happy heart and radiant brow,
For all their light they'd left behind,
To soothe and fortify her mind;
And if perchance his dear, loved name
Upon her lips unbidden came,
In sweet surprise she blushing tried
It deeper in her heart to hide,
To cherish and enshrine it there,
To mingle with her every prayer.

And now we must to Norman turn,
And of him something further learn.
The day that bore his bark away
Far, far from Ella and her bay
As she stood breathing forth a prayer
That he might have th' Almighty's care,

He was endeavouring to forget
That they had loved—that they had met—
Thinking it better far that he
Thus circumspect and firm should be.
For, to say truth, he did regret
The part he'd played to her ; and yet
He would not break the spell,—he knew
She loved him with affection true.
And though he felt he'd gone too far,
He would not further seek to mar
The pure devotion of her life,
For she could never be his wife.

And, after all, three days' delight
Would soon be lost to memory's sight,—
If he should not renew his suit,
But be to her discreetly mute ;
And, come what would, he thought 'twas plain
He could no wiser course sustain,
Than simply trust to time to heal
The bitter pangs her heart might feel :
One selfish comfort still had he,
In thinking o'er what yet might be ;
She'd promised secrecy in all
Their vows, whatever might befall,—
This was his safeguard, and this thought
Was with much secret comfort fraught,
For none would have the power to blame
Or cast suspicion on his name ;—
Thus did this false man, pait'ring, deal
With his own deeds and heart of steel,

Still measuring woman's constancy
By his consummate treachery.

Ah ! little knew he of the pure
And holy love, that doth endure
Throughout all dangers, seasons, time,
Undimmed by distance, change, or clime—
The trust a gentle woman proves
To him she fondly, truly loves.
But oft such love is cast aside
For paltry wealth and worldly pride,
Though these, with all their well-known power,
Could ne'er command that priceless dower ;
For this rich gift of woman's love
Is Heaven's best blessing from above—
A gift that's priceless, that will last
When fortune, fame, and youth are past.
Oh ! surely this true love is worth
The wealth of all the jewelled earth.
What joy, this priceless love to share !
What gift can with this love compare ?

When Norman reached his home of state,
So seldom visited of late,
And felt the pride of place and power
'Graven, as 'twere, on wall and tower,
And mingled with the jewelled throng,
Joined in the mazy dance and song,
He soon forgot the loving heart
That deemed 'twas of his own a part,
And marvelled he had been so weak

Ella's fond love to win or seek.
And when they spoke, his parents both,
Of marriage, he was nothing loth:
With the young wealthy countess, she
Whose beauty knew no rivalry,
So chastely classic was her face,
Her bearing dignity and grace;
But this was all—her heart was cold—
A heart that could be basely sold
To a high bidder, so 'twas won
By the rich Norman's wealthy son.
And the world said, "A nobler pair
Had seldom met, such joy to share."
So much doth wealth still charm the crowd,
To tinselled baubles ever vowed,
So seldom willing to be told
That, "all that glitters is not gold."

Soon as the marriage-day was named,
And their betrothal thus proclaimed,
Norman reflected 'twould be wise,
Ere he secured his wealthy prize,
To break, as gently as could be,
To Ella, o'er the deep blue sea,
The news that he would shortly claim
A wife, to share his wealth and name,
And for the fact her mind prepare,
Lest hope should still hold empire there.
So he deputed a firm friend
To this design his aid to lend—
One who knew Ella well, and who
Was of that fateful picnic too.

Not that she was the only one,
By many, he had falsely won;
But that he thought her girlish love
Truer than theirs perhaps might prove,
And that indignant she might be
At his deceit and treachery,
And raise reports and rumoured blame,
Which might bring censure on his name.
So, half in earnest, half in jest,
He charged this friend to do his best
To clear these harmful mists away
Before his coming wedding-day.
And having larded her with praise,
Spoken of her sweet winning ways,
He even hinted that she might
Transfer to him her glances bright,
Then plumed himself on having done
Full justice to the injured one.
Ah! little recked he of the breadth,
The towering height, and boundless depth
Of woman's love! His false heart knew
No standard for a power so true.

Poor Ella! little did she ween,
Though seas and oceans rolled between—
Though fortune, station, all appeared
Like an opposing stronghold reared
Against her, that her Norman's love
Would not all dangers rise above,
Were they thrice multiplied, until
He could to her his vows fulfil,

And lead her forth, his happy bride,
In undisguised delight and pride.
Thus, though days, weeks, and months rolled by
In waiting, watching, anxiously ;
And though no post good tidings bore,
She loved and trusted as before,
Nor 'gainst him did she ever rear
An ugly doubt or jealous fear,
So full of trusting faith her love—
So near akin to that above.

Thus, when the friend of Norman's came,
She felt assured 'twas in his name ;
And for the first time since the day
When he had sailed from Douglas Bay,
She breathed to mortal ears that name
Which now unasked, unbidden, came
Begging, in words of hope and fear,
For tidings that she longed to hear
Of him, her soul's bright earthly star,
Loved with such fervour, though afar.
Rapid as thought her questions flew,
When finding they no answers drew,
Alarmed, she then entreated, urged,
That he would quell the doubts that surged
Through her racked mind—by but one word,
Of him she loved,—dismayed, he heard,—
Bewildered, scarce knew what to do,
Then caught at her suggestion, too,—
One little word the truth would tell,
“ Married,” he gasped,—she swooning fell,—

As one whom the last reaper, Death,
Summons, and strikes down with a breath.
So still she lay, in swoon so deep,
All deemed it was that endless sleep.

News of misfortune travels fast—
Friends, kindred, neighbours, come in haste,
Call in the aid of medicine, try
To rouse her from her lethargy,—
But all in vain, for scarce a trace
Of life rests on that pallid face.
A stricken look of horror now
Seems graven on her ghastly brow,
With scarce a proof of pulse to give
The faintest hope that she might live;
None save the friend of Norman knew
Of all this scene of grief, the true,
Heartrending, cruel cause; and he
Seemed scared by its intensity,
Fled from the scene in blank dismay,
Daring no longer there to stay,
Lest on compulsion he might be
Witness 'gainst his friend's treachery.

'Twas thought she had a sudden fit,
And doctors grave in judgment sit,
Searching in vain for cause to give
Assurance that she yet might live.
And busy meddlers, who have more
Of talk than wit, said, that before
This illness they saw plainly all
That some such chance would soon befall.

"She looked," said they, "with fever rife,
Too buoyant, and too full of life ;"
And altogether, 'twas declared,
They for the illness were prepared.
Vain babblers! will ye never learn
From jargon such as this to turn,
And simply do the wise behest
Of those who know the matter best,
Spending your energy in deeds
Rather than useless words, which leads
To no good purpose, and oft tends
To mischievous and painful ends.

I grieve to tell that I have been
Oft by a sick-bed, where I've seen—
E'en in the sufferer's hearing, too—
Contentious bickerings not a few,
Such as distract his weakened brain,
Increase and aggravate his pain,
Banishing sweet repose, that balm
Kind Heaven bestows to ease and calm,
Instead of that soft, soothing tone
Which then should be o'er all things thrown—
Those gentle steps, that noiseless tread
Which should attend the sick one's bed,
Encouraging that sweet repose
To which the sufferer often owes
Another life, as 'twere, that seems
To draw down Heaven's own healing beams.
'Tis this repose, the doctors know,
Which, more than medicine, stems the flow

Of human suffering and pain,
And needs but love to make it plain.

But I have wandered far too long
From Ella and her watching throng ;—
For hours she lay 'twixt life and death,
With scarce a pulse and scarce a breath :
Then came a change—each pulse beat high,
And fevered glare was in her eye,
And the late bloodless features shone
With lurid brightness not their own,
And the scared mind, so lately still,
Seemed now unchained against its will,
So little did it heed the word
In which its ravings were outpoured.
She raved of shipwreck! cried for aid,
Deemed she on torturing rack was laid,—
Then, filled with maddening fears and doubt,
Shrieked that the lamp of hope was out,—
And swooned again—a swoon so deep,
'Twas thought again death's endless sleep.
Thus passed long anxious nights and days,
With scarce a glimmering hope to raise
Against despair, till reason came
To reillumine the wasted frame,
And brought poor Ella face to face
With that which drove it from its place.
And then did she relapse and sink,
Once more oblivious, on life's brink !
No—though the truth stood sternly there,
In maddening form, to bring despair,

Though knowing now full well that she
Had been the dupe of treachery,
Of grossest falsehood and deceit,
That could the ear of maiden meet,
She faced the woe in courage strong,
Did battle with her grievous wrong,
And gained the victory at last
O'er the deep misery round her cast.

What made her feeble nature strong
To triumph bravely over wrong?
What made her humbly kiss the rod?
'Twas that she was a child of God,—
And He gave strength in time of need,
He who ne'er breaks the bruised reed,
He to whose throne ascends on high
The weakest plaint, the faintest sigh,
Who is at once Friend, Father dear,
And great Protector, ever near,
Mysterious union, glorious, blest!
Within whose love is peace and rest.

Thus Ella forth from danger came,
Another Ella, yet the same,
So changed, alas! in face and form
Since that wild, desolating storm—
Years might have passed, so deep the trace
Of suffering on that pale, wan face,
Not light and buoyant as before,
Not glad and joyous as of yore,
But saddened, softened, chastened, still,
So tempered to her Maker's will,

That not a murmur ever rose
Her hidden secret to disclose.

But not for long had she the power
To struggle 'gainst the fatal hour,
For though kind time essayed to chase
The lines of sorrow from her face,
Though friends devoted did their best
For life to give her greater zest,—
Though she, of her own strength afraid,
Stern effort upon effort made,—
To struggle back as 'twere to life,
And battle bravely in its strife,
'Twas useless all, her weakened frame
Its vanished power could ne'er regain.
The cruel shock prepared the way
For Death too soon to grasp his prey,
Too early in life's trustful morn
Love's sorrow withered her fair form;
So, with her secret hidden deep,
She sank in death's resistless sleep,
And angel spirits bore away
Her chastened soul to endless day,
To yonder happy home of peace
Where griefs and sorrows ever cease,
Where all the weary are at rest
In God's own presence ever blessed.
Such is the history of one
Whose life so soon its course had run—
So early had the reaper, Death,
Come forth to claim her fleeting breath.

So soon the gracious summons given
To wing her flight from earth to heaven.

What sweeping, desolating storm
Had shattered thus her youthful form,
And, spite of all her efforts brave,
Had laid her in an early grave?
'Twas man's betrayal, man's deceit,
That lured her on such fate to meet,—
He dealt the cruel, fatal blow
That laid this lovely maiden low;—
Yes, man, the noblest work God made,
On whom the solemn charge was laid
To shelter woman, and defend,
Through joy and sorrow, to life's end;
He unto whom the Lord of Heaven
This last and crowning boon had given,
Of woman, meant by God to be
Man's helpmate to eternity.

The tidings of poor Ella's fate
Reached Norman in his halls of state,
Just when he had begun to feel
Keen disappointment o'er him steal;
For marriage proved a source of strife—
A chain to husband and to wife.
Scared by the tidings, stung with shame,
A murderer in all but name,
The author of that grievous wrong,
In killing silence born so long.
Now Norman felt each racking pang
And terror, which o'er guilt oft hang,

And bitterly repented now
His treachery, and broken vow.
To fly from thought he strove in vain !
Deep on his conscience was the stain.
He could not 'scape the spectre thought
With grief and self-conviction fraught.
Nor gold, nor all his treasures vain
Could calm the torture of his brain,
Or give him back a moment's peace,
Or cause his bitter pangs to cease.
His bride, so beautiful and fair,
Scarce noticed his dejected air,
Or if she marked was little moved,
For never had she truly loved.
Coldly indifferent was she
To all his well-earned misery—
Shunned his society in brief,
Rather than seek his source of grief,
And in the world's gay empty glare
Forgot her lord's dejected air.
Then stern indifference arose,
Its ugly features to disclose,
And they became distinct, apart,
Estranged in thought, estranged in heart ;
And lastly, cold aversion came,
Its icy presence to proclaim ;
Then bickerings and contentions raged,
And war incessant soon they waged ;

And children, too, in discord reared,
Their parents neither loved nor feared.

This was his crowning source of woe—
The final and the crushing blow
Than which no greater ere was sent
By righteous Heaven, in punishment.
Thus Norman to the dregs drank up—
The bitter retribution's cup ;
And we must leave him to deplore
His guilt and treachery more and more,
And draw the curtain o'er a life
Of never-ceasing shame and strife.

Young men and old men, too, who seek
By falsehood to ensnare the weak,
Pause and reflect, ere 'tis too late,
Or you may suffer Norman's fate,
And quite as vainly may you try
From retribution's arm to fly,
For soon or later ye shall be
Compelled to pay the penalty.
And maidens young and fair, beware
Lest falsehood should your hearts ensnare.
Trust no man fully, till you prove
His principles, as well as love ;
And let not flattery's fatal charm
Your judgment and good sense disarm.
Never accept a suitor, till
You first consult your guardian's will.
For wise discernment may see through
What never could appear to you—
Lest you should prove the axiom old,
That "All that glitters is not gold."

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

On choice of husband or of wife
Depends the bliss or woe of life.
So, let not those who wish to wed
Be by appearance wholly led.
For quality of mind and heart
Is surely an important part
In that most solemn step in life—
The choice of husband or of wife:

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.



H! how I love the bright crystalline snow,
Dancing and sparkling, above, and below,
Cov'ring the mountains, and cov'ring the ground,
Silently locking up verdure and sound;
Joyfully fluttering down on the breeze,
Weaving bright gossamer webs round the trees;
Noiselessly sporting around and below—
Who does not love the bright, beautiful snow?

Lighter than down of the songsters of air,
Pure as the robe that an angel might wear;
Gentle as kindness dictated by love,
Free as glad sunshine diffused from above;
Gracefully robing all nature in white,
Scattering jewels of beauty and light;
Setting the pulses of nature aglow—
Who does not love the bright, beautiful snow?

Pure as bright innocence, chaste as the light
 Shed by the stars round the Empress of Night ;
 Stainless as dewdrops that, shining, adorn
 The young brow of Summer at earliest morn ;
 Spotless and harmless, gladsome and gay,
 Noiseless as earliest footsteps of day ;
 Frolicking joyfully round and below—
 Who does not love the bright, beautiful snow ?

SPRING.



OMES a glad spirit through the pearly gate
 Of Paradise, on heavenly mission sent
 To the expectant and rejoicing earth :
 And as she smiling spreads her wings of light

Th' enraptured sun darts forth his brightest beams
 To make a golden pathway for her course ;
 And calls the rainbow, with its gorgeous hues,
 To glorify the liquid gems of dew,
 Set in her sunbright hair, that, like a robe,
 In rippling splendour veils her beauteous form
 Like wavelets of a gentle summer sea
 Over a sloping, sun-kissed, pebbly shore.
 Floating in golden light she thus descends
 On her divine commission, to awake
 The slumbering earth from long, cold, wintry trance :
 To nerve and energize earth's forces, and
 To scatter seeds of blessing and of good.
 At her bright presence myriads of gay forms

Of insects spring to life, and whirring, dance
Upon the glorified, delighted breeze;
And merry woodland songsters, mute so long,
Lured by the heavenly guest, come forth to hail
Her welcome advent in ecstatic song,
And universal nature throbs to bliss,
While whispering of the joys of life renewed.
Gaily the spirit trips o'er hills and dales,
And at the magic of her wooing breath
The buds of verdant woods and groves unfold,
The flowrets of the garden and the fields
Leap to new life, and spread their petals fair
And open their bright eyes to her fond gaze;
And the broad ocean, silver lakes and seas,
Clear rivulets, and purling mountain streams,
Pour out in sparkling measure their glad voice.
All joy in life renewed,—delighted earth
Thrills to the bliss of being, casting off
Her wintry garments, clothes herself afresh
In lovely emerald verdure, spangled o'er
With her own native flowrets, childhood's friends!
The starry rose-tipped daisy, which young hands
And little fingers love to interlace
For mimic crowns and festive wreathlets bright,
To twine around their pretty necks and hair.
'Tis well it should be thus, for prattlers small
Learn of these angel messengers their first
And simplest lesson from earth's flowery page,—
How even these small things have each their place
In the economy of His great laws—
And work in cheerful, noiseless industry

Below the cold, dark, quiet, solemn ground,
 Ere they can gain the exquisite delight
 Of upward gazing to the clear bright heaven
 On which they all depend for light and life.
 Lessons there are for old as well as young
 In the glad birth-day of the gentle flowers,
 Which teach that every creature, blossom, bud,
 By Him created, must obey the laws
 Established for the universal good.
 Thus should the angel messenger of Spring
 Be a divine remembrancer of Him
 Whose matchless love and ever constant care
 She sweetly everywhere doth symbolize.

SPRING.



ALL, happy Spring! Heaven's artist!
 Each year inspired anew
 To deck delighted nature
 In robes of rainbow hue;
 Who could withstand the teachings,
 Thy myriad voices sing,
 Of love, and hope, and beauty?
 Then welcome, joyous Spring!

Who doth not love the spring-time,
 Its sunshine and its showers,
 Its glittering lights and shadows
 Glancing through budding flowers

Who could refuse to worship,
At the enchanting shrine
Of universal nature,
The Holy, the Divine?

Who does not hail with gladness
The birthday of the flowers,—
And, chasing gloom and sadness,
Revel in Spring's sweet hours?
When zephyrs with bright sunbeams
Frolic among the trees,
And waft the perfumed flowers' breath
To us on the breeze.

The glorious Sun comes wooing
His long-expectant earth,
And by his smile awakens
Her children to new birth:
The young leaves thrill and tremble
With joy beneath his glance,
And happy streams unfettered
Thus gambol, sing, and dance.

The tiny star-crowned daisy
Springs smiling from the sod,
To whisper to the children
Sweet love-tales of their God;
Ah! who could see wee fingers
Wreathing the pretty gem,
And not feel sure the daisy
Was sent by Heaven for them.

Young birds from fragrant bowers
 Mate in delighted pair,
 Now feathered songsters carol
 Whose joy e'en nature shares.
 May we, like Spring's glad minstrels,
 Add to our gift of birth
 That spirit that can fashion
 A Paradise on earth.

To Heaven flow nature's praises
 From whence all good gifts come,—
 Say, in this spring-tide anthem,
 Shall man alone be dumb?
 Ah, no, let love to Heaven
 Stream freshly from within,
 And raise, with nature's songsters,
 The universal hymn.

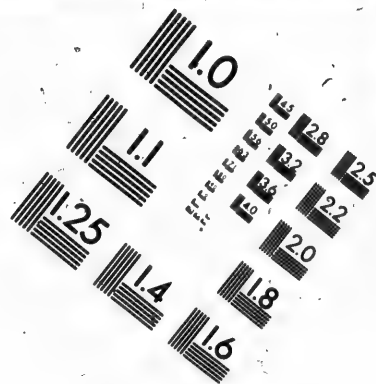
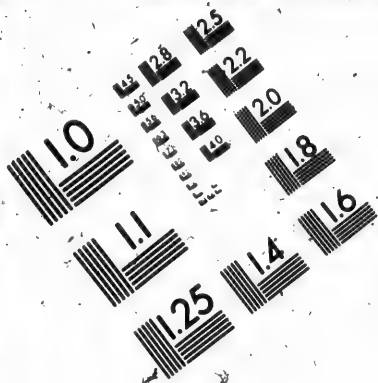
AUTUMN.



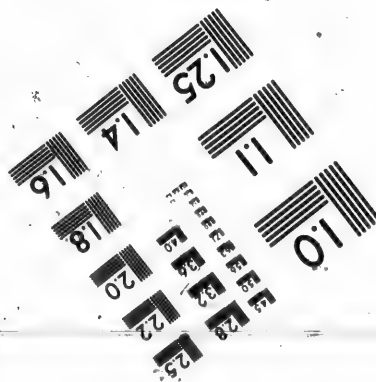
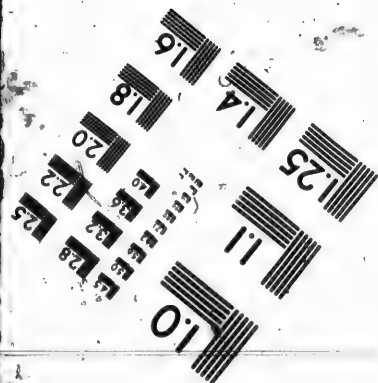
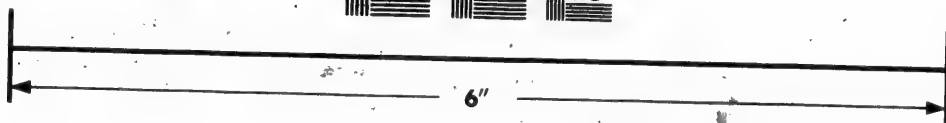
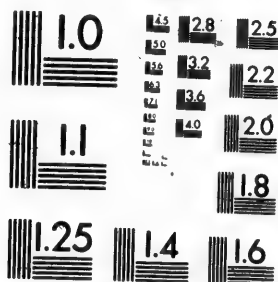
THE beauteous summer-time has passed away,
 With all its gay tints and bright skies of blue,
 And in its stead a canopy of grey
 Joyless and sad, presents itself to view :
 The sun-god, too, forgets to smile above,
 And at the change the earth lies chilled and drear.
 Like one forsaken of her own true love,
 Like one that sighs for joys no longer near.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
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AUTUMN.

The warblers of the woods have winged their flight
To other brighter lands, serene and mild,
And the fierce winds, in furious power and might,
Rush over earth and ocean, raving wild.
From the grey heaven streams down the chilling rain,
As if indifferent to all below ;
New lakes are forming now within the plain,
And torrents fierce through new-made gorges flow.

Dejected, down-trod withered leaves, that late
Were glorified with beauty fresh and rare,
Seem now to yield to universal fate,
And in the general desolation share.
But winter, though oft chilling, dull, and cold,
Is rich in joys peculiarly his own,
His fireside pleasures for the young and old,
For dreary outer coldness may atone.

Spring, with his lovely buds and smiling face,
Summer, with clustering fruits and fairest flowers,
Rich Autumn, with all ripened joys and grace,
Must each in turn give way to wintry hours ;
And so it is in life,—youth, manhood, prime,
Must in their turn to age their reckoning give ;
But they, unlike earth's flowers, in future time
Shall in a glorious hereafter live.

A brighter springtide on a fairer shore,
A richer summer, with more glorious flowers,
A riper autumn may be ours once more,
If we but, now, use well life's fleeting hours,

In that Divine hereafter, where no tear
 Shall dim the newly-opened raptured sight,—
 Where no distracting pain, or doubt, or fear
 Shall mar the living joy of love and light.

TEARS.



WHO has not felt, when sore oppressed with chilling
 doubts and fears,
 When grief the troubled heart possessed, the luxury
 of tears?

Whose fate so sad, as not to find some lonely heart to cheer,
 Some suffering one, with whom to shed the sympathizing
 tear?

And who shall say that tears of joy are not of heavenly birth?
 Since angels pure are said to weep o'er penitents on earth.
 And did not He, the Saviour, weep o'er Lazarus, His friend,
 And o'er Jerusalem, in grief, did He not weeping bend?

Our life-harp is not always strung to dulcet tones, and gay,
 Or set with jewels to fling back each glorious heaven-lit ray;
 Ah no! full many thrilling strains come forth in minor key
 That dim the eye with exquisite but plaintive melody.

Grand strains too there are oft produced by noble deeds and
 strife,

Brave struggles over self, that lead to purer, holier life;
 And then the moistened eye speaks thoughts too sweet to be
 repressed, [expressed.
 That words, though grandly eloquent, could never have

Then since each woe finds sweet relief and luxury in tears,
 That potent ever kindly balm, that comforts, soothes, and
 cheers,

I would not through life's journey, of sunshine, gloom, or mirth,
 Have these pure fountains closed to me, for all the smiles of
 earth.

CHRISTMAS MORN, 1872.



DEAR happy Christmas! Once again
 We joy to welcome thee,
 With all thy glad surroundings, grouped
 For world-wide jubilee.

We'll crown thy peace-illuminated brow
 With holly burnished bright,
 Entwined with glowing crimson bud,
 And mystic berries white.

Then the sly bough of mistletoe
 We must not, cannot miss.
 For, privileged beneath its shade,
 We hope for many a kiss—

Kisses of joy from those we love,
 Kisses of pardon, too,
 That chase all anger from the heart,
 And ties of love renew.

And while the song of Peace on earth
 Flows lovingly from Heaven,
 Let all forgive their foes, as they
 Expect to be forgiven.

Burying all painful by-gones deep,
 Far out of thought and sight,—
 Sweet peace possessing, reconciled,
 In new love-bonds unite.

And round the merry Christmas board
 May all good-will revive,
 And let us, once a year, at least,
 Old grudges quite forgive.

And let the poor, the blind, the maimed,
 Be kindly feasted, too ;
 In blessing all alike should share —
 In blessings rich and new.

Thus peace-proclaiming, loving friend,
 Time-honoured Christmas, dear,
 Thou wilt, indeed, have well fulfilled
 Thy love-fraught mission here !

CHRISTMAS, 1874.



WISH a bright happy Christmas ! to all true hearts dear,
 Glad world-welcomed, kindest guest of the year ;
 With rapturous greetings we herald thee now,
 And joyfully garland thy time-honoured brow.

Benevolence, mercy, kind charity, grace,
Illumine by turns thy dear loving old face ;
Thy smiles gleam like sunshine when summer is bright,
Like music thy whispers, thy presence like light.

Divinely commissioned from bright realms above,
To scatter rich seeds of forgiveness and love.
To ope the closed fountains of family bliss
With the magical wand of the mistletoe kiss ;

That many estranged ones may once more unite,
And in the rich blessings of concord delight ;
That all painful by-gones be laid in the dust,
And the new year begin in renewed hope and trust.

How glad are thy tidings ! thy mission how blest !
To peoples and climes from the east to far west,
"Peace on earth and good will" to the greatest, the least,
Who rightly interpret the world's noblest feast.

Bright heaven-winged kind spirit of Christmas, descend,
Thy glad genial influence to all men extend,
That thy pure inspiration through each heart may flow,
And all the sweet bonds of true sympathy know.

Then heap high the yule logs, bring forth the best cheer,
Pledge kindly each loved one, and friends far and near,
As thy glad tidings float like harp-music around,
Let the whole earth re-echo the love-laden sound.

OUR POLAR EXPLORERS.

NOT to rude battle's war-note,
Or thrilling clarion's cry,
Go forth those bold adventurers,
To conquer or to die ;—
But clad in gentle armour,
Such as kind science lends,
To gather gems of glorious truth
From earth's remotest ends.

They go to talk with Nature,
Her glorious laws to learn,
All obstacles to overcome,
With resolution stern ;
All hardships, dangers, tempests,
Right manfully to brave,
Trusting to Him whose hand is still
Mighty to guard and save.

Brave warriors of pure science,
The nations of the earth
Will echo fervently, "God speed,"
As ye sail boldly forth
Into those unknown regions,
Where mighty secrets lie
All unrevealed and ice-bound,
Of earth, and sea, and sky.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

Go forth, then, dauntless warriors,
 With Britain's fervent hope
 That still your conquering boldness
 With every foe may cope,—
 Go, and return successful
 To your dear native sod,
 And be your watchword, ever,
 "For country, home, and God."

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"



W HILE glad bridal greetings float over the tide,
 For our loved Sailor Prince and his fair Russian bride,
 Come bold Warriors of Britain, from over the sea,
 Bearing trophies of victory from far Coomassie.

'Tis for us and our country these brave men have sought
 Great perils, great hardships, and valiantly fought;
 For us they have risked all that man holds most dear—
 Health, fortune, and life, without grudging or fear!

Whilst we at our ease in loved homes have remained,
 Not a few in the strife have been wounded and maimed;
 And some dearly loved ones, alas! evermore
 Must rest like "our Landon" on Afric's far shore.

Whatever the object, whatever the end
 Of Britain, the power of Ashantee to bend,
 There can but be one grateful thought through the land,
 To gallant Sir Garnet and all his brave band.

Then in these bold Warriors' just pride let all share—
As they land let a true English cheer rend the air,
To tell them that Britain is proud of each son,
Who so nobly has fought, and so bravely has won

IN MEMORIAM. D'ARCY MCGEE.

TOLL out your deepest, saddest dirge, ye muffled bells
to-day,
Expressive of profoundest grief a nation's heart
can pay,

To the soul-stirring memory of her devoted son,
Who made her interests and his own indissolubly one.

Well mayst thou mourn, fair Canada! Well may'st thy hot
tears fall,

As on his bier, with downcast eyes, thou spread'st the funeral
pall;

For in thy dear adopted son, there dwelt a mighty power
To grapple with thy enemies, in danger's trying hour.

His rare and thrilling eloquence, his varied powers of mind,
His poet heart, his sympathy, with brilliant wit combined,
Were all employed in full for thee, to crown thy youthful brow
With laurels fadeless as the love we bear his memory now.

For his was true nobility, of courage tried and strong,
To wrestle, with unflinching zeal, 'gainst tyranny and wrong;
No matter what the party—no matter what the creed,
His was the ever ready hand to help in time of need.

Yes ! loved McGee ! though never more the music of thy voice
 Shall thrill us with its melody and bid our hearts rejoice ;
 Yet, under this Dominion, long thy name shall be a spell
 To children's children through the land thy grand heart loved
 so well.

Thy life-work it was nobly done, thy moral courage great,
 Whether contending for the right, with friend, or foe, or state.
 Thy darling project unity, thy mission love and peace,—
 The glory of the light thou'st left shall never never cease.

We gazed upon thy lifeless form, so cold and pulseless now ;
 We left thee flowers of immortelles to wreath thy peaceful brow ;
 We passed in solemn silence, through the darkened chamber's
 gloom,

And thought how spirits meet above, beyond the silent tomb.

We paused upon the threshold, then, to ask the Father's care
 For those, the dear ones who in life thy precious love did share.
 We left the house of mourning, then, and all we have of thee,—
 Thou champion knight of liberty ! beloved, revered McGee !

*A WELCOME FOR BRITAIN'S SAILOR PRINCE,
 AND HIS BRIDE.*



HIME gaily, ye joy-bells, in clamorous peal,
 Ye banners your beauteous devices reveal,
 For the nation would welcome, with honour and pride,
 Her loved Sailor Prince and his graceful young bride.

Make holiday everywhere—all should be gay,
 And join our beloved Queen in greeting to-day—
 The bride who leaves parents, friends, kindred, and strand,
 For a fond husband's home in our dear native land.

Let flowers aid our welcome, for have they not voice,
 In whose perfumed eloquence all can rejoice?
 And are they not Nature's true poets, that may
 With a grace above words the heart's love-thoughts convey?

Then rear the high arches of deep burnished green,
 Gemmed with sweet words of welcome, flower-written between;
 Strew the pathway with earliest flowerets of spring,
 That they with the joy-bells glad welcome may sing.

And then to the welcome of sight and of sound,
 Through a joy-laden atmosphere floating around;
 Let the nation's voice add a yet holier sheen,
 In a heaven-sent "God bless them," and "Long live the Queen."

ODE TO THE SEA.



VAST, mysterious, solemn sea!
 Great reflex of the Deity!
 Safe in the hollow of His hand,
 Doth all thy waste of waters stand.

Tell me the mystery of thy birth—
 When, with thy new-born, love-lit earth,
 Thy mission was assigned to thee,
 In the world's infancy, O Sea!

When, in her fond embraces, thou
First pillowd'st thy majestic brow,
And thy melodious music beat
In rapturous homage at her feet.

Still and again thy flowing tide
Swoops o'er the beach in solemn pride;
Springs up the rock with giant leap,
And chants the pæan of the deep.

Oft calm as sleep of peaceful child,
Then hissing loud in fury wild,
To wrath and ruin lashed, thy waves
Sweep onward o'er unnumbered graves.

And age on age hath swept o'er thee,
Yet left thee youthful, strong and free,
For Time is powerless to efface
The matchless beauty of thy face.

Mirror of countless worlds above,
Type of Almighty power and love,
Such hast thou been, and still shalt be,
Thou deep, mysterious, solemn sea!

SPRING.



BEAUTIFUL Spring! thou art near, thou art near,
For already the hope-laden air
Is whispering the glorious tidings afar
Melodiously everywhere:

Thou art near, thou art near!—for the young swelling buds
Of glad hedgerows and trees tell us so,—
And joyous wood-songsters are warbling the news
In sweet trills, above and below.

Thou art near, thou art near!—on thy mission of love
To awaken the slumbering earth
From the long wintry trance of her thralldom and gloom
To the exquisite bliss of new birth;
Thou art near, thou art near!—with thy clustering buds,
And thy garlands of fragrant young flowers,—
With thy graceful light tresses of verdure, to form
The enchantment of cool summer bowers.

Thou art near, thou art near!—and fond Nature's great heart
Is with rapturous pleasure aglow,—
As she calls forth her lovely flow'r-children once more,
Their joyous young beauty to show:—
Thou art near, thou art near!—for already the tread
Of thy soft angel feet soundeth nigh,
And the bliss of thy presence is felt with delight,
Vibrating through earth, sea, and sky.

Thou art near, thou art near!—with thy cheering bright smile
Of loveliness, beauty, and grace,
To energize, quicken, delight, and inspire
Each feature of Nature's glad face;—
Thou art near, in flower-beauty His great name to paint,
And His sweet Easter message to bring,—
Through thy myriad types of Creation's new birth,
Rejoicing, enchanting young Spring!

MENTONE.



MENTONE ! Home of beauty !

Belovèd of the sun !

Whose smile of glorious love-light

Thou hast so richly won.

Guarded by grand old mountains,

Whose broad sides, towering high,

Fling forth their keen jagged summits

Far in the clear blue sky.

Right faithful to their mission,

These guardians stretch with pride

Far north and east, their darling

From blighting winds to hide.

And thou liest sweetly sleeping

Like a mother's first-born, pressed

To the heart brimful of rapture

That cradles it to rest.

Rich olive groves, and orange,

Clustering round thee stand,

In winding terraced beauty,

The glory of the land !

And they pour their golden treasures

In homage at thy feet,—

With the oil of joy and gladness,

As a dower rich and meet.

The blue translucent waters
Of the restless, rolling sea,
In grand, melodious cadence,
Sing wondrous songs to thee.
Then sound their mighty voices
In wild chants rich and deep,
Or in soft, soothing melody,
To lull thee into sleep.

Well may the faint and weary
Of distant nations haste
From rude and icy winters
Thy peaceful joy to taste.
Well may they love thy valleys,
Thy wild flowers rich and rare,
Thy perfumed atmosphere, and skies
Of blue beyond compare.

Mentone! peaceful, radiant,
Long mayst thou rest as now,
The home of beauteous Nature,
With her garlands on thy brow.
Long may the faint and weary,
Reposing on thy breast,
Within thine arms, kind, genial nurse,
Find blessed peace and rest.

WANTED.



EN of conviction, resolute and bold,
Such as our country glorified of old—
To hurl back superstition to its grave,
That threatens free-born Britons to enslave.

Men of the stamp of Wycliffe, Luther, Huss,
And dauntless Knox, to take determined stand
Against all traitors to the Church and State,
Who 'neath false colours seek with Rome to mate.

Men of the eagle eye, divinely led,
Who see the danger-signals straight ahead—
Who, in the might of holy zeal, may yet
Save our loved country from the Papal net.

Men, who, through ceremonials rich and grand,
Detect the danger menacing the land ;
Through the Confessional, too, see the snare
The feebler minds to subjugate and scare.

Outspoken men, who sternly will insist
That those in power this evil shall resist—
Who will not have the sanctity of home
Intruded on by men in league with Rome.

Men who have studied history well, and know
Not only whence these ceremonials flow,
But where they lead to, and the fatal end
Of Papal despotism to which they tend.

Let all, then, on their own free native sod,
 As they think best, worship the living God,—
 So they but do so under a right name,
 And load not England's Church with grief and shame.

Let all with voice uplifted, then, protest
 'Gainst these disturbers of her peace and rest :
 We must the rights of Protestants preserve,
 Or ev'ry right to lose them well deserve.

Be up and doing, men of dauntless heart !
 With rights of Protestants, oh, never part !—
 Ne'er let our country, or loved ones at home,
 Be ruled, enslaved, or tampered with by Rome !

ODE TO THE CREATOR.



REATOR of the Universe, Great Architect Divine!
 What power, what majesty and grace Thy wondrous
 works combine !

Earth teems with messages of love, re-echoed near
 and far,
 From flowery mead and mountain stream, and every trembling
 star !

Thy way is o'er the mountain peak, where eagles proudly soar,
 And in the caverns of the deep, where wild waves foam and roar ;
 Thou ridest on the angry storm, the lightnings round Thee
 flash,—

Thy voice is in the whirlwind heard, and in the thunder's crash.

The flocks upon a thousand hills, the wealth of every mine,
The precious jewels of the seas, and all earth's gems are Thine ;
All that is mighty, great, and grand,—all that is rich and free,—
All that is good, and pure, and bright, flows lovingly from Thee !

Thy love illumines night's spangled dome, earth's glorious diadem !
It shines in the great sun and moon, and every starry gem !
Well might the royal harper sing, in ages passed away,
" The heavens declare God's glory, and praise Him day by day."

Thy goodness is reflected through each drop of water clear,
As in the glow-worm's flashing light and tiny dewdrop's tear,—
There's nought too common, hought too frail for Thy protecting
care,

No castaway forlorn too lost, Thy blessed love to share.

No plaint so weak, no cry so low, but Thou, my God, wilt hear—
Nothing too abject or too poor for Thee to aid and cheer—
No depth too deep, no gloom too dark, for Thee to penetrate,
All, all who knock may freely pass within heaven's golden gate.

Nothing too lost for Thee to save, nothing too hard for Thee—
Nothing too insignificant for Thee, my God, to see,
For all creation owns Thy sway, and tastes Thy tender care ;
Thou fillest space, Thou fillest time ; for Thou art everywhere !

ON A RECENT STORM.



AW ye, of late, the angered sea,
To fury lashed, that stormy morn,
And the strong barriers of the deep
From their foundations rudely torn ?

Heard ye its myriad voices rise,
Now, as in agonized despair,
And now in wild, resistless strength,
Rending the chilled, affrighted air ?

Felt ye how all its mighty strength
Assailed and swayed your feeble form,
As earth lay helpless in the grasp
Of the ungovernable storm ?

Felt ye within that tempest's clutch
How vain the hope of all defence,
And understood ye then the breadth
Of the Supreme Omnipotence ?

Marked ye those wild, resistless waves
O'erleap the boundaries of the sea,
And did ye then not own the power
That lent the gale its majesty ?

Heard ye the anthems of the deep
Proclaiming, in that fearful hour,
The grandeur and magnificence
Of His profound, unrivalled power ?

Borne on the raging tempest's blast
 Came messages, that Sabbath morn,
 From Him who rules the winds and waves
 And rides upon the angry storm.

Did ye not hear and understand
 Their import, force, and majesty?
 And did not your whole soul prostrate
 Itself before the Deity?

For He it was unreined the winds,
 And bade those furious billows rise;
 He roused the slumbering elements
 To battle in the storm-tossed skies.

Yes, He commissioned that wild storm
 To show forth His Almighty power,
 And 'twas His voice that spoke to men
 In that supremely solemn hour.

THOUGHT.



THOUGHT! thou Heaven-inspiring power -
 Fair handmaid of the mind;
 That compasseth the world, and fliest
 Swift as the untamed wind!

Thou art the precious gift, whereby
 The soul can soar above,
 And realize the boundless wealth
 Of the eternal love!

What gracious mystery art thou?
Unravelling hour by hour
The secrets of the Universe,
And its Creator's power!

With action for thy willing steed,
And science for thy car,
Thou canst mount up, and take thy place
Beside the morning star.

Canst count the planets, fly through space,
The sun canst measure soon—
Dissect its beauteous beams, and trace
Vast mountains in the moon.

Canst dive through Ocean's deep abyss, -
Defiant of its roar—
There plant the mystic telegraph
To link each distant shore.

Command th' electric god to fly,
Swift through wild ocean's rage,
There, throned—on Time's great scroll imprint
The wonder of the age!

Canst undermine and rend the crust
That girdles earth around,—
And predicate the wealth that lies
Hid in the silent ground:

Then harness fire, and chain the steam
Obedient to thy will;
Unfurl wide sails, and bind the wind
Thy wishes to fulfil.

Still onward speed, and deeper pierce
 Where knowledge may be sought,
 T' unveil the splendours of His works ;—
 Divine and godlike Thought !

IN MEMORIAM.

" **B**UILD me a hut to die in ;" then,
 " I'm very cold ;" and, " Come,
 Put more grass on the hut,"—" Farewell !
 For I am going home."

Such were the last sad touching words—
 Uttered 'neath Afric's sun,
 By our great traveller, the true
 The world-loved Livingstone.

A secret shelter, narrow, spare,
 Scarce raised above the sod—
 He sought, in that far distant land,
 To die—alone with God !
 But we rejoice that faithful hearts
 Without, were watching by,
 And the world honours Afric's sons
 For their fidelity.

Brave heart ! We know how sharp the pain,—
 In yon lone hut to lie,—
 From all thy loved and loving ones
 Thus far removed, to die.

But faith like thine, we also know,
Must triumph over death,
And gain the victory—whilst prayer
Hallowed thy latest breath.

Weep Afric! Weep for him who gave
His precious life for thee,
Who spent his genius and his thought
Thy captive sons to free.
Weep Britain! for thy noble son,
So steadfast and so brave,
As tenderly his dust is laid
In thy most honoured grave.

Columbia, too! We know thine eye
With sorrowing tears is dim,
For through thy brave young Stanley, thou
In love hast watched o'er him.
E'en as an angel ministry
Was Stanley's, in his need,
Proving thy love in that far land
By precious word and deed.

Sons of our country, rich or poor,
Follow your pioneer,
Like him go forth, brave, trusting, true,
Your nation's flag to rear.
Sources important as the Nile
Ye yet may live to trace,—
To benefit humanity
And elevate your race.

Great missionary traveller,
 Indomitably brave !
 Our England treasures up thy dust
 In her most honoured grave ;
 Another wreath thou'st hung within
 The temple of her fame,
 Where England glories to enshrine
 Thy bright and spotless name !

"READY."



THE following touching incident
 Occurred ten days ago,
 Near where the bridge of Waterloo
 Spans the Thames' turbid flow.

Upon the river's terraced brink,
 In joyous childhood's play,
 A little girl and two wild boys
 Beguiled the time away.

Buoyant with young glad rosy life,
 On the high parapet
 Of the embankment, fearlessly,
 These three poor children sat.

Hoodless of evil—by the rough
Wild tempest undismayed,
The little ones in happiest mood,
Fearless of danger stayed.

When in an instant, the rude wind
Quickly as flashing thought,
The little girl upon his wings
In wild confusion caught.

And all unmindful of her fate,
And terror-laden scream,
The cruel wind it plunged her deep
Beneath the chilly stream.

But kindly aid was close at hand,
And timely rescue nigh :
A good man and Newfoundland dog
By chance were strolling by.

Under his master's orders wise,
The dog plunged bravely in
To save the young child's precious life,
And well-earned honour win.

The good sagacious creature dived
Beneath the angry wave,
And soon the numbed, weak, sinking child
Was rescued from the grave.

Proudly at that good master's feet,
The noble creature laid
The dripping burden, whose saved life
His bravery repaid.

The kindly master then the child
To neighb'ring roof conveyed,
And in a warm restoring bath
The little one was laid.

And now our good Samaritan
Marched by the sufferer's side ;
Saw her restored to consciousness
With mingled joy and pride.

Then gave the means to send her home,
Refusing to proclaim
To those who vainly sought to know
Or his abode or name.

He simply said the dog was called
"Ready," name good and true !
All honour, then, to the brave dog
And "Ready's" master too.

Unpretentious acts like these
Are, sure, their own reward ;
Still it is wise, and pleasant too,
Such goodness to record.

TO MY LITTLE SON.



BIRTHDAY chaplet, precious one,
I'd fondly twine for thee,
Composed of hopes that thy young life
May good and happy be.

Just three years have their story told
To thee, my little son,
Whilst flowers and birds, and sun and sky,
Thy infant love have won.

Fresh as the sun-kissed buds of spring,
And as her warblers, gay ;
Glad art thou as the sportive lambs,
Or joyful fawns at play.

Bounding in joyous health and strength,
With spirit fancy free,
All germs of force to be prepared
For immortality.

Mayst thou be pure in heart and mind,
Truthful in word and thought,
Ever obedient to the laws
Which the dear Saviour taught.

With loving, sympathising heart,
Another's pleasure share ;
Weeping with those that weep, and quick
To soothe the brow of care.

Subduing self, when'er opposed
 To duty's earnest voice,
 And over difficulties stern,
 With purpose firm rejoice.

Loving thy neighbours as thyself,
 And God before them all,
 Exact and conscientious
 In duties great and small.

These are my earnest hopes for thee,
 My first-born, darling boy;
 And if fulfilled, thy sojourn here
 Will be a life of joy.

TO MY FIRSTBORN.



MY pretty babe, my innocent, I hail thy birth with joy,
 And greet thee with a mother's kiss, my own, my
 darling boy;
 O what a deep full fount of bliss thou'st opened in
 my breast,
 And streams of joy, of which before my heart had never guessed.

For me thou'rt full of beauty! What joy that thou wert born!
 What smiles, like summer sunshine, thy angel face adorn!
 As sun-lit mountain streamlets leap joyful to the sea,
 So my fond heart, bliss-laden, bounds, darling, unto thee.

My beautiful, my precious one, rich promises entwine
 About thee as I fondly call thee mine, and only mine,—
 A precious gift by Heaven sent, to gladden life's fresh hours—
 To ope the source of many a joy, and strew our path with
 flowers.

Pure as unsullied pages on life's great mystic scroll,
 Unwritten yet, and spotless, thy tender snow-white soul.
 God grant each line there graven indelibly by time,
 May be unto His glory, dear precious treasure mine.

May duty be thy watchword through all life's care and strife ;
 May charity and love preside o'er all thy work in life.
 Through armour such as Heaven gives to guard from shame
 and sin,
 Mayst thou, my darling boy, at last, a crown of glory win !

ON THE BIRTH OF MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.



ANOTHER treasure ! oh thank Heaven for this—
 A darling daughter come to crown our bliss,—
 A gift so precious, that we scarcely know
 What other gift we now desire below.

Dear little bud of promise ! Heaven sent,
 To fill our hearts with joy and sweet content.
 Thou little think'st how full of blissful glee
 Our hearts become in gazing, child, on thee.

Two little bright stars steeped in Heaven's own blue
Surprised, bewildered, 'wakening to the view
Of their new home, and, trembling 'neath the light
Of thy fond parents' rapture and delight.

Pretty wee dimpled mouth, and rosy lips,
Sweet as the nectar which the glad bee sips,
Model of beauty, innocence, and grace !
The whispering angels' smiles illumine thy face !

Oh ! God is good. His mercies never cease !
He to the sufferer giveth rest and peace.
He lendeth needful strength for every pain,
And leads us back to happier life again.

Our grateful hearts can fully ne'er express
How we our heavenly Father praise and bless
For all His loving-kindness, tender care,
That we so richly, mercifully share.

E'en now, dear little cherub, daughter mine,
To me the angels' faces round thee shine ;
I feel their touch, and hear their whispers sweet,
As they thy parents' joyful praises greet.

May these sweet spirits, borne on heavenly wings,
Commissioned by the mighty King of kings,
Surround thee with a ministry of love,
And lead thee on to brighter joys above.

Mayst thou the harmony of nature feel,
And recognize the love it doth reveal.
Blest revelation ! that we feel and see,
Discoursing ever of the Deity.

With voices full of melody and grace,
 To all who will its peerless beauty trace,
 Or in its thrilling eloquence sublime
 Catch the fond accents of the voice divine.

God bless us all—thy darling brothers three,
 And thou, dear new-found treasure, God bless thee!
 And may He in the fulness of His love
 Grant that we all with Him may reign above.

TO MY SON JAMES, ON HIS SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.



HOUGH absent from home, my dear boy, not the less
 Does my fond heart beat for thee this day, and thee
 bless,—

For sixteen bright summers have lighted thy brow,
 And thy fond mother's greeting shall fly to thee now.

Though I cannot be with thee, I earnestly pray
 That the Giver of all may be with thee this day;
 And not this day only, but ever, my boy,
 In sunshine and tempest, in sorrow and joy.

May He be thy portion, thy monitor, friend,
 On whom, in thy youth, thou shalt ever depend;
 And then in thy manhood He'll still be thy stay,
 And shall not forsake thee in life's closing day.

The world opens fair now around thee, my son—
 There's a battle to gain, there's a race to be run;
 Then gird on thine armour in readiness now,
 And fight thou the good fight with resolute brow.

Stand firm to thy colours; and never deny
The Captain thou serv'st, or his orders defy;
Thou'st chosen His service; then take thy firm stand
'Gainst all who oppose Him, in word, deed, or hand.

And if thou stand bravely, and seek to attain,
High rank in the service, His favour thou'll gain;
And when thou hast conquered, He'll crown thee, dear boy,
And take thee to mansions of glory and joy.

There's a point I would charge thee be steadfast upon—
'Tis a point wherein many have failed, my own son—
Have thou courage to stand with full front to a foe,
And fear not, when needful, to say the word "No."

Full many have traced all their sorrow and shame,
The loss of their fortune, disgrace of their name,
To the want of this courage to battle with wrong—
Say thou "No," where 'tis needed, be trustful and strong.

Be thou steadfast, my son, and the battle of life
Will be fought with less danger, contention, and strife;
And when thou hast conquered, Heaven's garland, my boy,
Will circle thy fair brow, and crown thee with joy.

Farewell, dearest James, and let this my fond lay
Atone as it may for my absence to-day;
Accept the fond wishes here breathed, and rely
On thy mother's affection, which never can die.

TO MY GRANDCHILD, DOUGLAS BATTERSBY, WHO
DIED AT MONTREAL IN 1865.



ANGEL visitant thou wert,
Endearing child of love ;
Angel glorified thou art,
In spirit-land above.

One year only didst thou stay
On thy fleet mission here,
One more heavenly link to weave
Around thy parents dear.

Now, two pledges of their love,
Robed in heavenly light,
Wait to welcome them above,
Purified and bright.

Therefore grieve we not for them,
They are with the blest—
Safe for ever in the land
Where dwelleth peace and rest.

Dear thou wert, fair child, on earth,
Dearer yet, above,
Where we look to share with thee
Endless joy and love.

TO MY SON DOUGLAS.



ES, come and gone ! ah, scarcely yet
Four fleeting weeks have passed
Of happy, peaceful intercourse,
Of days too bright to last.

The halo of affection threw
Its hallowing circlets o'er
Our hearts, in sweet communion bound,
Bright'ning them more and more.

And now thou'st gone—far, far away—
My own beloved son,—
And thy fond mother's sorrowing heart
Grieves for her absent one.

And prays that the great God may keep
Thee ever in His care—
In body, soul, and spirit pure—
And guard thee ev'rywhere.

Thy mother's blessing follows thee,
E'en to the distant land,
As she commits thee trustingly
To the Great Father's hand.

May favouring breezes, smiling skies,
Be with thee on the sea,
In safety mayst thou lightly glide
O'er ocean waters free :

And if rude tempest's might should rise,
 If thunders o'er thee roll,
 Or anxious thought and racking fears
 Assault thy troubled soul,

Then let thy trust be still in God,
 Who rideth o'er the deep
 On chariot-clouds and wings of wind,
 Watching, His own to keep.

He will not break the bruised reed,
 Whatever may betide;
 Trust, then, thy all unto His care,
 And He shall be thy guide.

IN MEMORIAM.



DEAR little infant, thou hast passed away
 To those bright lands where reigns eternal day;
 Thy gentle spirit has at length found rest,
 In sweet repose, upon thy Saviour's breast.

We would not call thee back again, for thou
 Art radiant in a robe of glory now;
 The sunlight of a Father's love is thine,—
 Ne'er-setting sun, whose light is all divine!

Grievous thy sufferings were whilst here below,
 And many anxious tears for thee did flow;
 But we will wipe them all away, and rest
 Our troubled thoughts, in feeling thou art blest.

And may we meet thee in that far-off land
 In spirit pure as thine, at God's right hand,—
 With wreaths of glory crown'd, sweet babe, like thee,
 Happy and blest in immortality !

A PAINFUL HISTORY.

READER, the tale I have to tell
 You may, perhaps, remember well,
 Or think you do—'tis much the same—
 You need but to supply each name ;

For just such tales of guilt and woe
 Repeat themselves wher'er you go,
 In sad and oft-recurring tone—
 Tales we should not bewail alone,
 But seek a wholesome remedy
 For such degraded misery.

"A young and artless girl, betrayed,
 Lured from her home by false vows made,—
 Too wretched in her bitter woe,
 Fallen, alas ! she knew, too low,
 To be acknowledged by the world,
 Who ever stinging censure hurled
 On such as she (no matter though
 Through others' guilt they fall so low)—
 Deserted by the one who swore
 To make her his for evermore,
 Pressed into vice by hunger, too—
 Then, writhing, died as hundreds do."

thee,
This is the tale, alas ! I say,
Repeated in our midst each day,
Whose cry for justice ringeth through
The land, to men and women too.
Thousands of ghastly woes like this
Lie hidden in life's mysteries.
A glance behind the scenes of life
Reveals untold and sickening strife,
Virtue crushed down in youth by those
On whom the innocent repose,
In the vain hope to realize
Their hollow, worthless promises.
Well might we deem proud man would be
Ashamed of such dark deeds, and see
Himself most guilty, to beguile
A woman with the tempter's smile,
Then leave her desolate in shame,
Robbed of her precious, spotless fame.
Alas, it is not so ! we find
The world still to such "follies" blind—
And the betrayer may pass on,
Unmindful of the fallen one,
No matter what the number be
Of those he dooms to misery.
But the world frowns and seeks to shun
The suffering, sorrowing, injured one.
Till friendless, homeless, stung with grief,
And shunned by all, she seeks relief
In aught that dulls and stupefies,—
Then all her nobler nature dies ;
She sinks in vice—Death claims his prey—

And bears her spirit far away,
To that mysterious future land
Where soon in sad reproach she'll stand,
Confronting those who should have been
Her guardians through life's 'wilder scene.
Think of it ! ye who wantonly
Doom woman to such misery,—
If you yourselves be so insane
As not to seek Heaven's love to gain,
Oh, cause not her young feet to stray
From duty's safe and heavenward way.
She rarely can the path regain,
Whilst ye, though guilty, yet retain
The world's good word, and still may be
The idols of "Society."
Trifle not with affection true,
Such conduct murders not a few ;
The heart is but a fragile thing—
A lyre, whose purest, holiest string
Is love, and if that string be rent,
Oft leaves a shattered instrument.

No tear was shed upon the clay
Of her who died in life's young day—
In pauper coffin coldly thrust,
To mingle with earth's kindred dust ;
No chiselled stone to mark the spot,
Lest she should be too soon forgot.
Think, kindly reader, if you can,
Of her, thrust in that pauper van ;
For she was human, like yourself,

Once blessed with home and ruddy health.
Pure, too, till wantonly deceived
By him whom she too well believed.
Heap not reproach on her, the dead,
But hurl it on the villain's head
Who led her on, to sorrow's brink,
Then left her in its depths to sink.

Shame on our country's heartless laws!
That plead not better woman's cause—
That see, so little moved, her shame,
And leave man with untarnished nam,
To seek fresh victims to deceive,
And yet the world's bland smiles receive.
The law should brand that man like Cain,
And hold aloft to scorn his name—
The scorn, extending deep and wide,
That tracks the thief, the homicide.
For all the world is warned of them
Their deeds, our country's laws condemn,
Whilst of the other's, scarce a word
Of warning or reproof is heard,
Unless, indeed, chance drags to light
Some hideous picture, black as night,
Such as my feeble pen has sought
To bring before your earnest thought.
Think of the wretched sin-bound band,
Man's victims in this favoured land!
Each with a loving, human heart,
Wrecked, sold, in this unholy mart.
Each with an endless destiny,

And heir to immortality !
A sisterhood of sin and shame,
Disfigured with a hideous name ;
Fettered with gyves, in whose harsh strain
The tortured victims writhe in vain.
For few the years are said to be
Of those thus doomed to infamy.
Think of the bitter sighs and tears,
The broken vows, the racking fears,
The anguish of accusing thought,
The grievous wrong of being bought.
The stranded hopes, the fruitless sigh,
The sharp exceeding bitter cry,
The ceaseless, cureless wild distress
That fill these lives with wretchedness.
When will false man be more abhorred
Than are the victims of his fraud ?
Is woman's sin more heinous than
That of her so-called guardian, man ?
Most surely not !—God's laws apply
To man and woman equally ;
For whether bare or richly gilt,
Sin still is sin, and guilt still guilt:

O virtuous mothers of our land,
Why traffic for a daughter's hand
With crafty libertines, and cold,
Whose one attraction is their gold,
Whilst if such men should dare to wed
A poor lost erring girl, instead
Of one within your circle, you

Would feel insulted, rightly, too,
Perhaps, but yet I fain would ask
Why the deceiver's sin we mask,
While yet the victim's faults lay bare
To the hard world's contemptuous stare?
O, surely if the one be scorned,
The other should be shunned and spurned.

What are our vaunted laws, if they
This foul injustice cannot stay?
When will society look down
On all who sin with equal frown?
Do all our rulers fear to stand
'Gainst this great evil of our land?
What is that justice Britons prize,
If it cannot right means devise
To crush the cause of this great sin,
Rather than with the effect begin?
Talk of reclaiming women, when
We wink at selfish sins of men.
With such vain sophistry away!
That arms the giant it would slay.
Let justice rear her faulchion strong,
Strike swift and hard this shameful wrong.
Let all who sin in this wise be
The shunned of good Society,
Like the poor victims that are lured;
Then may we see the evil cured,
Or checked, at least, in ways that may
Suggest a further, better way.
Let vice be vice where'er 'tis found,

And truth have no uncertain sound.
 And prince or peasant, rich or poor,
 Scorn we alike each evil doer.
 Let man and woman, great and less,
 Be judged in truth and righteousness.
 Then, and not until then shall we
 Find for this sin the remedy.

All-righteous Heaven, direct, I pray,
 Our nation's councils, that they may
 More even-handed justice wield,
 And shelter woman with their shield.
 That our loved land may shortly be
 More worthy of itself, and Thee.

THE FORSAKEN.



WHY does fond memory love to dwell
 On days long gone?
 In spite of all thy bitter fruits,
 Inconstant one?

Why do I linger fondly o'er
 The paths we trod,
 And mingle thee with all my prayers
 To the great God?

Why do I tremble foolishly
 Whene'er thy name
 Is for an instant dwelt upon,
 In praise or blame?

And why do all things that thy touch
Once rested on,
Discourse so piteously to me
Of dear days gone?

Why do I love in solitude
Thy name to breathe,
In fancy with immortal flowers
Thy brow enwreath?

Why do I nightly dream of thee,
And converse hold
With thee, so tender, as in those days,
The days of old?

Why do I ever dwell upon
Bright days of yore,
Though they with all their joys are fled
For evermore?

'Tis that I love thee madly still,
With all my heart,
And cannot tear thine image thence,
False though thou art.

'Tis that my love—it is a love
That changeth not,
Though seas and oceans roll between—
Though dark my lot;

Though thou hast saddened, blighted all
My pathway here,
And left my sorrowing heart alone,
With none to cheer!

I would not link my fate to thine,
 Were worlds thy dower—
 Though crowns and sceptres, wealth and rank,
 Were in thy power.

I cannot curse thee, may not bless,
 My spirit sore
 Can utter but the prayer that we
 Meet never more!

MOUNTAINS.



MOUNTAINS! that upswell around
 In mighty grandeur high,
 Tying with each light, fleecy cloud,
 And wooing the bright sky;
 Holding, as if in fond embrace,
 Each lovely, peaceful vale,
 And gallantly protecting them
 From many a passing gale!

Could ye, through human speech, declare
 The mystery of your birth,
 When first ye lifted your proud heads
 Above the level earth.

And heard the voice that called ye forth,
And throned ye far on high,
To gaze eternally upon
Heaven's glorious canopy !

Then could ye not more fitly laud
The mighty, wondrous power
That marshalled you in grand array
O'er the wide world to tower :
Nor could ye with more eloquence
Your purple peaks upraise,
Or chant a more expressive song
Of louder, loftier praise,

Than that which to the ages still
Ye've sung unceasingly,
And will, with equal fervour yet,
Sing everlastingly.
In that calm, mystic life of yours,
Throned proudly in the sky,
For ever pointing to the blest,
Bright, glorious homes on high.

Oh, dateless mountains that reflect
The thoughts of power divine,
Translate their melody to me,
And make their meaning mine ;
For interwoven with your life
Transcendent love I see,
And in that grandeur trace a sure
Reflex of Deity !

PSALM CIV.



Y soul, bless thou the living God,
The Lord supremely great,
With honour clothed and majesty,
On whom all creatures wait.

With light Thou cover'st, Lord, Thyself,
As with a garment woven,
And like a curtain stretchest out
The azure vault of heaven.

The beams of Thy vast chambers lie
Deep in the rolling sea ;
The clouds thy chariot, and on wings
Of wind thou ridest free.

Thou makest Thy bright angel host
Spirits who never tire,
And all Thy ministers divine
A brilliant, flaming fire.

The deep foundations of the earth,
Thou, Lord, hast laid secure,
That they should never be removed,
But through all time endure.

Thou covereth them with the great deep
As with a garment bright,
The waters at Thy bidding stood
Above the mountain's height.

At Thy rebuke they fled, and at
The thunder of Thy voice,
Down in the valleys, on they sped,
To praise Thee and rejoice.

Thou, mighty God ! hast placed a bound
That they shall ever keep,
So in set limits evermore
Shall move the mighty deep.

For the great floods shall ne'er again
The beauteous earth o'erflow,
Nor with their raging waters bring
Destruction, grief, and woe.

Thou sendest cool, refreshing springs
Into the valleys fair,
On through the undulating hills
Their verdure to prepare.

Thou in abundance givest drink
To every bird and beast,
Wild asses quench their thirst, and all
On Thy rich bounty feast.

Beside the springs the fowls of heaven
Their habitation make—
On leafy branches sweetly sing,
And joyful echoes wake.

From chambers vast above the sky
Thou waterest the hills ;
And earth, with her sweet flowers and fruits,
The air with perfume fills.

Thou causest golden grain, and grass,
And tender herbs to grow,
That ever from the teeming earth
May rich abundance flow.

Thou nourisheth each olive grove,
Each beauteous twining vine,
And golden grain, that He may eat
Of bread and drink of wine.

Cedars of Lebanon, and trees
Which Thou hast planted, still
Are filled with life-sustaining sap,
Obedient to Thy will.

The stork within the fir-tree builds
For her young brood a nest,
And the wild goats and conies too
Among the rocks find rest.

'Tis Thou, O God, that doth appoint
The silent, gentle moon
For changing seasons; and the time
Of the sun's going down.

Thou makest darkness, and 'tis night,
When, from the dens abroad,
Young lions for their prey come forth,
And seek their food from God.

The sun ariseth, and they seek
Together their repose,
As man comes forth to work and toil
Until the evening's close.

O Lord, how manifold Thy works !
In wisdom all were made,
Thy goodness hath for us the earth
With riches overlaid.

There goes the ship to breast the main—
A winged wonder she !
And there that great Leviathan
Waits, gracious Lord, on Thee.

'Tis Thou from whom all draw their strength,
And Thou dispensest food ;
Thou openest Thy generous hand,
And they are filled with good.

And if Thou hidest once Thy face—
They're plunged in trouble sore ;
Thou tak'st their breath—they die, with dust
To mingle evermore.

Thou sendest Thy blessed Spirit forth
Creation to renew,
And the delighted earth shines forth
In robes of beauty new.

Thy glory, gracious Lord of heaven,
Endureth evermore,
And Thou in all Thy wondrous works
Appearest more and more.

Thou lookest on the earth—it shakes ;
The hills smoke at Thy touch,
And myriad insects, by Thy breath,
To life, rejoicing, rush.

I will sing praises to my God
 Until this life is past ;
 My meditations shall be sweet
 And joyous to the last.

Let sinners be consumed, and fall,
 The wicked be no more ;
 But my glad soul shall bless the Lord,
 And praise Him evermore.

PSALM XXIII.



HE Lord is my Shepherd, I never shall be
 In want while He tenderly watches o'er me.
 Within the green pastures He maketh me lie ;
 In joy as in sorrow He ever is nigh.

Beside the still waters He leadeth me on,
 Restoring my soul which He purchased and won ;
 And in the safe pathway of right He shall lead,
 For His name's sake who each tiny sparrow doth feed.

And though I should walk through the shadow of death,
 No evil I'll fear as I draw my last breath,
 For Thou wilt be with me, whene'er I depart,
 Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort my heart.

Thou preparest a table wherever I go,
 Before me, in sight of my deadliest foe.
 Thou anointest my head, Lord, with purest of oil,
 My cup runneth over, and sweet is life's toil.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me still,
All the days of my life, and my cup Thou wilt fill;
And ever depending on Thy faithful word,
I safely shall dwell in the house of the Lord.

ISAIAH LIII.



ALL we like sheep have gone astray,
And turned our own sinful way.
Th' iniquity of every one
The Lord hath laid on His dear Son.

A Man of sorrows, grief, and pain,
Oppressed, rejected of all men;
We hid our faces from the Lord—
Esteemed Him not in deed or word.

Oppressed, afflicted in our stead,
And like a lamb to slaughter led,
Who, dumb before the shearers stood,
He shed for us His precious blood.

The sin of all upon Him laid,
Man's debt and ransom He hath paid;
Though numbered with transgressors too,
He intercedes for all anew.

TO MEMORY.



MEMORY! kind guardian of the past,
Shew me thine hidden things to-day, for I
Would live again in those dear days, when all
My loved and loving ones were gathered round

With all the sweet impressive words and smiles.
To soothe, direct, and comfort. One there was
Who loved me with a love so pure, that naught
Could dim its lustrous brightness—nothing e'er
Could step between me and his great fond love;
Nor faults, nor follies of my own, nor all
The changes flowing from the bitter loss
Of fortune and of health, could turn the tide
Of his affection from me; but, alas!
He is no more, and though long anxious years
Since then have run their course, his empty place
Seems ever empty as time rolls along
With all its sweeping changes, and I miss
His gentle touch and loving tones, and fain
Would ask of thee, O Memory, to give back
As best thou canst, a fond review of all
His deep and earnest love, that so I may,
At least in fancy, live again in those
Dear days long passed, and comfort take in thought
Of what I once possessed, as one turned blind
Muses upon the days when earth for him
Rejoiced on verdant glory, decked with flowers
Of heavenly form and hue, and the fair realm
Of nature, with her teeming harmonies

Of various tones and shadows, and the grand
 Red sun and beauteous moon, with the glad stars
 That spangle earth's celestial canopy,
 Were to him as an open book, alas!
 Now closed; except in thought, still his rapt soul
 Can revel in their kind remembrance, and
 Glean from them some pure ray of comfort, so
 Would I crave of thee, Memory, to give back
 Some fragrance of the past, some gentle touch
 And loving tone, some word of wisdom deep.
 Some breath from that rich atmosphere of love
 Which made my step so light, my heart so glad,
 That so my troubled soul may comfort take
 In thought, at least, of what thou canst unfold.

ROME.



REAT city of the centuries! o'er whose proud head
 once curled
 The banner that proclaimed thou wert the mistress
 of the world,
 Is it a dear reality that I am with thee now.
 And that in very truth I feel thy breath upon my brow?

Ah! yes, it must indeed be so, for see that beauteous pile
 Of grand old marble ruins, spread beneath the loving smile
 Of the same life-inspiring sun, so woven with thy lore,
 Who witnessed all the glory of thy palmy days of yore.

Yes, time-stained Colosseum, thou remainest sternly grand,
A witness to the nations round of this once mighty land,
Whilst the departed genius who conceived thy wondrous
space
Has passed beyond remembrance, like a breath that leaves no
trace.

With memory's wand I people all the splendid ruins round,
Spell-bound, my spirit joys to tread the consecrated ground ;
With throbbing pulse I wander on, in fancy seem to stand
Conversing with the fabled gods, once worshipped through the
land.

Here footprints, well defined and grand, of the noble and the
good,
With more, alas ! whose histories are writ in tears and blood,
Lie deeply chronicled around, beneath those arches wide
Of the golden house of Nero, grand monument of pride !

See yon huge ruins ! locked in earth through centuries of
strife,
Of the Palace of the Cæsars, now rising to new life—
Unveiling countless gems of art, profusely o'er them cast,
Proclaiming with rude eloquence Rome's grandeur in the past.

And there, between the Palatine and Capitoline hills,
The columned Roman Forum the valley proudly fills,
Telling Rome's wondrous history, from the cradle of her
power,
Of the ages of the hoary past, when the wide world was her
dower.

'Twas here, amid these temples fair, through struggles long and bold,
Was perfected that code of laws which ruled the world of old,
And made Rome draw around her, as with a magnet's power,
Earth's greatest, noblest minds, to form her grandeur and her dower.

Here, too, the thrilling eloquence of Cicero was heard
In melody divine, which oft the Roman spirit stirred;
Here Horace wrote, and Virgil read his grand heroic strain—
Each leaving sunbeams luminous of true, undying fame.

And since, how hast thou fallen, Rome, from thy proud throne
of power!

How charged with trouble are the clouds that o'er thee brood—
ing lower!

And yet methinks behind those clouds, even now appears the
bright

Pure silver lining, which ere long will gird thee with its light,

And aid thy bent yet beauteous form to rise erect once more,
Regain its grandeur, plant its throne on gray old Tiber's shore.

Then from the Capitol unfurl the banner of the free,
And reign again triumphant o'er united Italy.

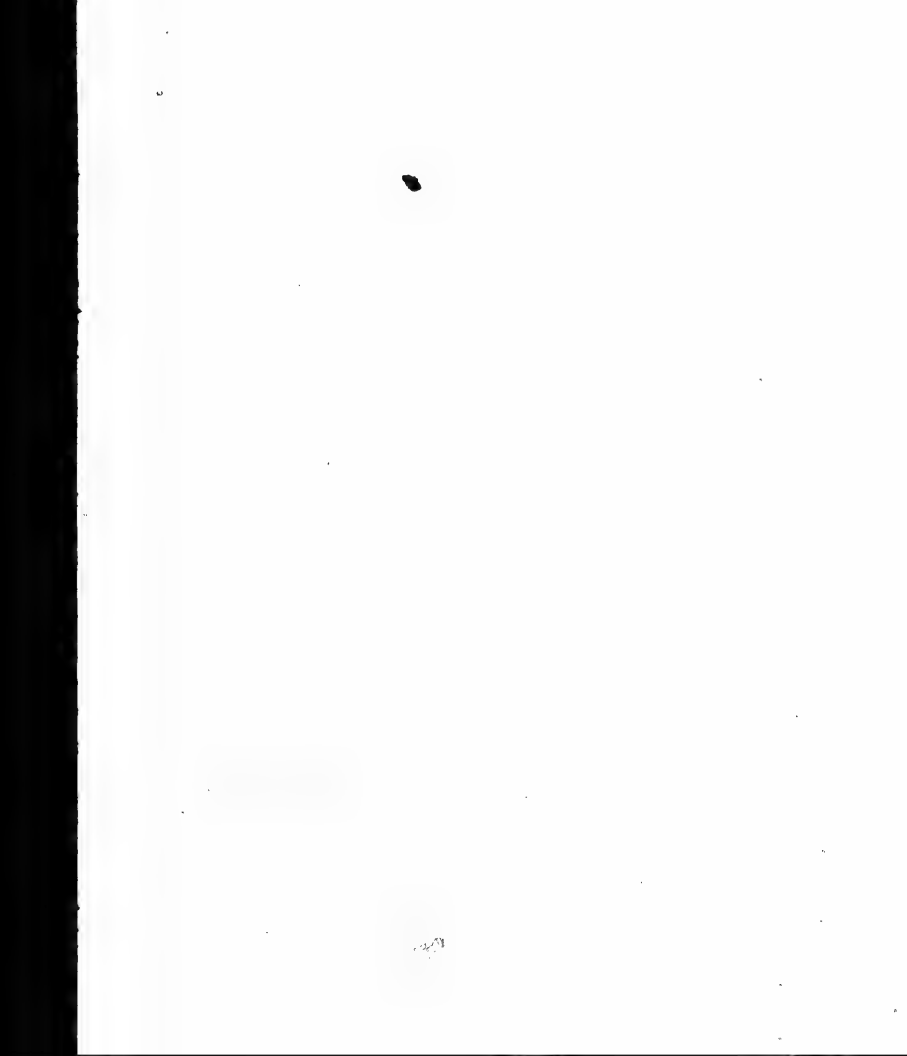
Rome, 1870.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.



HOPE—thou bright star of the human heart,
That flood'st the gloomiest path with rays divine,
To me thy rainbow-tinted light impart,
And make thy heaven-inspiring promptings mine.





Cold and uncertain, difficult and drear,
Is life without thy blessed influence—
But with it all is joy-illumed and clear,
Gleaming with heaven-encircled radiance.

I thought that thou hadst set for me, bright star,
And all life's joys seemed buried out of sight,
But now I see thy glorious light afar,
And earth lies once more bathed in promise bright.

Moments there are, when the torn, aching heart
Can feel no warmth of love-light o'er it flow—
'Tis then thy angel whisperings through it dart,
And make it once again with ardour glow.

Oh, leave me not again, beloved star!
Offspring of Heaven! On me thy radiance shower—
For to my lonely heart thy glad rays are
A glorifying presence, a rich dower!

ON THE PICTURE OF ORRTEL'S "ROCK OF AGES."



JOY! unutterable joy! I'm safe—yes, safe at last,
And all my torturing fears, and doubts, and suffer-
ings are past.

Dear cross and fortress! I espied thy vast uplifted
form,
Towering above the warring waves and the wild, raging storm!

I was the sport of each mad-wave that o'er my form did leap;
 I could not steer my fragile bark alone across the deep;
 For in that little slender skiff my treasures all were stored
 With many a gilded, useless toy, which fondly I adored.

The care of all these cherished things around my spirit hung,
 Like heaviest fetters, for my heart to them unconscious clung.
 Thus chained and trammelled; I essayed to steer my bark in
 vain;

It was too hard a task for me, I could no harbour gain.

'Tis true I heard a heavenly voice—a voice that to me said,
 "Thou troubled one, come follow Me—leave all—be not afraid."
 But my heart clung too fondly to my cherished idols all;
 I could not bear to part with them, e'en at that heavenly call,

And so I struggled on, to steer my bark against the tide,
 And, when successful, was elate with all a victor's pride;
 I thought my strength sufficient for the dark and trying day,
 And grew impatient of each check that rose to bar my way.

But soon, alas! I found how wrong my boasting, and how vain!
 My treasures they were useless 'mid that tempest of the main;
 The storm redoubled its wild force, the ocean waves leaped
 high,

And Boreas, maddened into strife, flew shrieking wildly by.

The thunder crashed with solemn jar, forked lightnings rent
 the air,

Each raging element seemed bent, in the great strife to share;
 Trembling and shivering with affright, hope in my own strength
 past,

I felt that I was lost, for now my bark was sinking fast.

Then cried I, in my helplessness, "Save me, great God, oh
save!

Save me, or I shall surely sink beneath the yawning wave;
Take me just as I am, I leave my treasured idols all—
And humbled, naked, worthless, lost, for mercy to Thee call!"

Then a great mist was cleared away from my benighted eyes,
Thy precious cross, O Saviour dear! to guide me did arise;
And now I safely, fondly cling, and will cling to life's end,
To Thee, who art, in very truth, my Saviour, God, and Friend!

ODE TO NATURE.

ENCHANTING Nature! I would sing of thee,
Rejoicing soul, and source of harmony!
Thy mystic music floats o'er land and sea
Throughout creation's realm, as through the high
Illimitable, star-gemmed canopy!
God's revelation art thou, full and free,
A living scripture to the natural eye!
As in the past, so ever mayst thou be
My friend, discoursing sweetly of the Deity.

Ever from childhood hast thou been my shrine
Of joy and beauty,—from my earliest years
A source of inward happiness sublime,
A firm abiding friend who ever cheers,—

I dedicate this simple lay to thee,
For thy melodious name all song endears,
And it perchance may aid my verse to lie
For those I love a more abiding memory.

Lives there a creature who can fail to trace,
With all her varied powers of mind and will,
Divine expression in fair Nature's face?
Do not the sweet tones of the mountain rill,
The voice of thunder, winds and waves, oft thrill
His being with their matchless eloquence?
Does not his soul with adoration fill,
As Nature thus extols the fountain whence
Springs all her grandeur, glory, and magnificence.

If such exist, how limited must be
Man's means of pure enjoyment and delight,
How circumscribed his vision, not to see
The great sun paint each day His name in bright
Effulgent characters of living light,
Nor to observe the hosts that gem the sky,
And the calm moon from her star-bannered height,
Tracing the same beloved name on high
In blazing brightness o'er earth's canopy!

Ah! there is more than simple sound in all
Nature's fulfilment of her Maker's will—
There's something more than grandeur in the fall
Of mighty cataract and mountain rill,
That with such sweet accord delight and thrill

There's much beyond its perfume in the flower,
That seems the breath of heaven to distil,—
There's more than melody in the glad shower,—
There is a voice proclaiming God's great love and power.

Consider Nature as she sweetly sings
Her daily worship to the Deity!
The glorious sun, as lavishly he flings,
His brilliant rays o'er woodland, sky, and sea,
Discourses with celestial harmony;—
The mighty cataracts, in measure grand,
Thunder their eloquence, unitedly
With streams at play with pebbles on the sand,
And all with rich sweet melody fill sea and land.

There's music in the rippling, limpid brook,
The ravings of the storm-uplifted sea,
In the soft strains that fill each forest nook,
And tremble on the leaves of every tree—
Sweet music flowing from Infinity!
There's music in the spheres that gem the skies,
As in the myriad voices of the lea,
And in and through them all we recognize
The universal hymn that doth to heaven arise.

There's music in impetuous mountain streams,
And in the whirl of tiny insect wings,
Disporting in the sun's life-giving beams;
And in the solemn chant old Ocean sings,
As he rich treasures to his caverns flings.

There's music, too, within the bright sea-shells;
And in the plaints that each soft zephyr brings;
In the sad tales the fierce wind often tells;
As it, to fury lashed, with proud defiance swells.

There's music in the free, crisp laugh of mirth,
That thrills and vibrates through the human heart,
Like sunshine through the mist at morn's glad birth,
Causing fresh flowers in many a waste to start,
And forcing gloom and sadness to depart;
A merry heart, a merry countenance lends
And with its magic telegraphic art
Calls forth responsive gladness, and extends
To all the joy that with its own glad being blends.

There's music in the voice of sympathy
Seeking lone, sorrowing hearts to soothe and cheer;
And in the sparkling laugh of infancy;
And the charmed voice of those we hold most dear,
Sweet tones of melody that banish fear!
No music is there half so sweet as this,
By which our bark o'er time's swift waves to steer;
It is the joy that none should ever miss—
That makes each heart a throne, each home a shrine of bliss.

Where is the heart that could or would withstand
The influence of Nature's flowery page,
Floating in rainbow banners o'er the land,
Conversing with the poet and the sage
Of every varied clime, in every age?

For not alone to fascinate the eye
Do flowers bloom, but to inspire, engage
Man's mind his Maker's power and love to see
Reflected through those garlands of the land and sea.

And have not flowers an eloquence unique ?
A language known to every human mind,
That needs no arduous studying to speak,
Is comprehended by all humankind
Who to the heart's perceptions are not blind,—
A language ever delicate and pure,
Refining, soft, affectionate, and kind,
Which shall throughout the rolling years endure,
And men of every age and clime alike allure ?

Emblems of immortality ! for see,
Those boughs so bare and withered overhead
Formed, the last year, a lovely flower-crowned tree,
Which messages of love through perfume shed.
But life lies hidden in the seeming dead,
And they again in due time shall come forth,
By pearly dews and brilliant sunshine fed,
Rejoicing in the rich gift of new birth,
To shed their sweet perfume, and beautify the earth.

More beautiful than their bright colours, far,
Are the deep truths enclosed in summer bowers.
More fragrant than their perfumed odours, are
The love and care they manifest with their sweet powers,
And which o'er Nature's kingdom grandly towers.

All useful plants that clothe the fecund earth
Depend on their continued life on flowers,
Which the divine Creator, from their birth,
Destined to fructify through aid of warmth and showers.

There is a flower, complex and beautiful,
Which the fond piety of other days
Associated in sweet fancy, full
Of beauty with the dear Redeemer's gaze,
The passion flower! whose lovely floral rays
Circle a cross and nails, as though 'twere born
First to anticipate, and then upraise
Its eloquent commemorative form
In token of the death of Him who hushed the storm.

There is a fern, too, found upon the brink
Of waters rippling through sweet wooded dell,
Which cut across the rootlet, black as ink,
You'll find initials J. C. graven well
Upon the wounded stem, as if to tell
The same old story as time onward flies.
Such as past centuries recorded well
Through inspiration of the good and wise,
Of the astounding, wondrous, godlike Sacrifice.

As flowers, like every atom found on earth,
Move in a special orbit of their own,
Are subject to a code of laws from birth,
Immutable, unchanging as the tone
Of Him who placed them in their sun-kissed home.

So prompt obedience through their empire reigns,
Whether in arctic seas or torrid zone;
And this obedience our example claims;
For in resistance to God's laws man stands alone!

Alone in disobedience to Heaven!
With shame confess we this anomaly,
That man, to whom so much is freely given,
Should not obedience render, full and free,
To the unseen, yet ever-present Deity.
Subordination unreserved, entire,
Should be the lesson taught in infancy
By every earnest teacher, ruler, sire,
Who man's whole duty to his gracious God desire.

A loving Father issues His commands
Expecting His dependent offspring to obey,
And they, if wise, submit to His demands,
Ne'er questioning His right their minds to sway,
But to His higher will glad homage pay.
And should not men, God's helpless offspring, pause
Ere they resist His well-appointed way,
Regarding nothing lightly that might cause
The least divergence from His ever-righteous laws?

There's not a station, whether great or small,
That's not ennobled by obedience;
There's not an effort made at duty's call,
To gain a victory o'er self and sense,
That is not full of deep significance.

To the whole future individual state
Of him who makes it—rich, in consequence,
For such brave efforts make an aggregate
Of power to him who would all evil subjugate.

There is a joy in life's young daisy hours,
A freshness and a beauty known but then,
A simple trust in the heart's fragrant flowers,
A hope-lit halo round earth's diadem,
Which never in advancing years are seen again.
But there are flowers matured by grace above,
Which bloom in later years, and not till then,—
Flowers of the heart, that, like the sacred dove,
Bring precious tokens thro' life's storms of peace and love.

And there are intellectual pleasures, pure,
For the aspiring, thirsting, human mind,
Most lavishly provided, to allure
And suit the varied taste of humankind,
Which all who have the will to seek, may find;
Glad flowers which nourish life's declining days,
If with a trusting love and hope combined,
Culled from historic records, poet's lays,
Which move to emulation of the good and great they praise.

And what rich mines of wealth lie hid in books!
They are our friends, our monitors severe,
Who heed not haughty mien or angry looks,
But speak to lowly peasant, or proud peer,
In tones of praise or blame, alike sincere.

Rich treasures of knowledge, stores of thought,
From which we learn the art our bark to steer
O'er life's oft treacherous ocean, and are taught
To shun its hidden shoals and rocks with danger fraught.

Clear imprints are they of man's varied mind,
Glad offspring of earth's true nobility.

What sweet companionship in them we find,
As face to face we seem to hear and see
The authors of the ages, wise and free!

Enranced we list through them to many a voice
That time floats back in magic melody,
Now moving us to tears, now to rejoice,
Through their inspiring language, pure, refined, and choice.

In the great "Book of books," which has survived
The wreck of empires, dynasties, and creeds,
With conscience through the Spirit's aid revived,
Does not the hungry soul find all it needs?
That blessed bread of life on which it feeds.

For through its teachings none can fail to know
The Father's love, which every love exceeds,
And in its unsurpassed, rich, love-lit glow
We trace the Source from whence all blessings to us flow.

To poor wrecked sufferers on life's stormy sea,
To friendless orphans, castaways, and blind,
As to the good and happy, wise and free,
It is the anchor earth with heaven to bind,
Where all sweet balm for every wound may find;
The everlasting anchor forged above,
Where rich and poor may moor their bark, and prove
The wealth and grandeur of the everlasting love.

Then, as a poem, there is naught on earth
Can match its wondrous majesty and grace!
To what exulting joy does it give birth!
What wondrous tales of love its authors trace!
What prejudices doth its light efface!
What language, rich, yet simple, chaste, yet grand!
Model of poems for the human race!
Suited to every station, clime, and land,
Which lettered and unlettered minds can understand.
Grand revelation from the throne above
Of the world's Saviour, and His work divine!
Who through the new, all-conquering law of love,
And the example of a life sublime,
Left to the world a model for all time;
A life of such simplicity and zeal,
That doth all other lives so far outshine,
That all who read it right must inly feel
The truth and eloquence of its divine appeal.
We read the Gospel, not so much to find
Rules of theology which scarce exist,
Forms of devotion, which are few in kind,
With but one model prayer on which t' insist,—
But for the life which could all sin resist;
That life of honour, chastity, and zeal,
Which all man's love and sympathy enlist,
And to his judgment, heart, and soul appeal,
As o'er his wakened mind its blest revelations steal.
Seek, then, for knowledge wheresoever found,
Whether in books or studious thought, or in
That other revelation spread around
By bounteous Nature, man to charm and win

To simple joys, from costly paths of sin :
Knowledge finds friends and joy where'er she goes,
Whilst ignorance is but to vice akin ;
And from the lives and thoughts of good men flows
Founts of transcendent joy which naught can stem or close.

Many live but to eat, drink, trifle, sleep,
And leave their mind a barren desert waste,
Where thorns and brambles wanton revel keep ;
Thus they the joys of culture never taste.
This is but vegetation,—life ungraced.
No ; minds, like bodies, should be daily fed
And nourished for life's action, care and strife—
By goodness nurtured, and by virtue led,
And discipline alike of body, soul, and head.

Self-sacrifice and love to God will clear
Much that would otherwise obstruct our way ;
Renouncing ease to work for Him will cheer,
And forcing self, through duty, to say "Nay,"
Makes conscience light, and heart and spirit gay.
Self must be kept in check, and worldly pride,
Through resolute endeavours, day by day,
If we would follow Him who for us died,
And in the everlasting life with Him abide.

Despise not trifles—they make up the sum
Of human happiness and misery ;
Into the realm of beauteous nature roam,
And what she makes of trifles thou mayst see—
For by such survey thou shalt wiser be.

Atoms are infinite ! A tiny seed
Developes to a far-outspreading tree,
Beneath whose shade warriors' armies lead,
And grains of sand form mighty barriers for the sea !

Many of those enchanting islands fair,
That with the broad Pacific's waters wed,
Formed, in their structure vast, of coral rare,
And set in depths profound of ocean's bed,
Are but the masonry of insect thread !
An insect so minute, that human eye
Can scarcely see it ; yet 'tis also said
Their wondrous structures with man's best work vie,
Whilst they the wildest rage of angry seas defy.

See that grand king of trees, the giant oak,
Of wide-spread girth and herculean form ;
Long centuries ago to life it woke,
And still it stands, defiant to the storm—
Destined, perhaps, great navies to adorn ;
Yet it was but a tiny acorn first—
Though to such noble use and beauty born
By God's own faithful servant, Nature, nursed,
As those great sheltering arms from it in beauty burst.

A spark may kindle empires—and a word
Of gentleness or passion, praise or blame,
If but conveyed by glance, or faintly heard,
May fill the mind with ecstasy or shame,
If from a source we reverence it came.



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A poisoned breath may send forth pestilence
Through a whole city—fortune, station, fame,
Oft tremble on a word of eloquence,
Or wing their flight through some small act of negligence.

Let us not be like him who heedeth not
Small loving words, kind looks, and gentle tone
Breathed by beloved ones, ne'er to be forgot,
That make a paradise of every home,
And which for many failings should atone.
And let no thing seem trifling, that the great
Almighty One hath fashioned or hath wrought,
Whether 'tis found in high or low estate ;
For He in perfect wisdom doth all things create.

Music and beauty fill the sun-lit air
Of the glad birthday of earth's fruit and flowers.
Young life in spring rejoices everywhere,—
Even the rain trips down in laughing showers
To wake responsive joy in forest bowers ;
Gay butterflies and tiny insect wings,
Birds, beasts, and fish rejoice in spring's glad hours,
And renovated nature gaily sings
Her thanks to Him who all this wealth of rapture brings.

There's beauty in broad fields of golden grain
Swayed by light zephyrs of bright summer air,
When the Sun's glory dances o'er the plain
Through dark clouds flitting swiftly here and there,
Creating lights and shadows rich and rare.—

Shadows that fly, at the approach of light
Like moral darkness under the pure glare
Of truth divine, which clears the mental sight
With noonday splendour, purity, and might.

There's beauty in a cloudless summer sky,
Domed in its own celestial faultless blue,
From whence the brilliant sun, pavilioned high,
Shows his love-tokens on the world anew,
T' invigorate, revivify, renew.
There's beauty in his rosy wakening gleams
Shed o'er a landscape veiled in morning dew,
As in his richly crimsoned setting beams
That glorify the mountain peaks and purling streams.

There's beauty in a midnight winter's sky
Presided o'er by the calm queen of night—
Gemmed by the glittering stars, revolving high,
Sparkling with joy from their grand mystic height,
To fill the soul with worship and delight,
There's beauty on the waters of the sea,
When, with attendant stars, through silvery light,
The moon looks fondly on the waters free,
To mirror her sweet face in peerless majesty.

There's majesty and grandeur in the hour
When crashing thunders shake the trembling earth,
While earth lies passive in the tempest's power,
Which in terrific madness bellows forth
As if in fiendish, rude, satanic mirth;

When flashing lightnings rend the blackened air,
And fierce appalling swords of fiery wrath
Shoot out their scorching darts and death-lit glare,
And wildly in the fearful thundering conflict share.

There's grandeur in a thundering storm-tossed sea
Lashed to ungoverned and tumultuous rage
By the wild storm that sweeps it furiously,
While all the elements fierce warfare wage,
Contending like fierce wrestlers on life's stage,—
When angry winds in shrieking fury rise
With earth's opposing forces to engage,—
When clouds in masses scowl from angry skies,
And the mad tempest o'er the earth in fury flies.

There's beauty in stupendous mountain heights,
Clothed in unspotted robes of virgin snow,
When golden autumn's myriad sunset lights
Play o'er their dazzling peaks with rapturous glow,
And crimsoned streamlets flood the vales below,—
When Heaven's great western portal open flies,
And nature with supernal joy aglow
Bathes in the love-lit glory of the skies,
As her beloved sun to rest rejoicing hies.

Majestic Sun! divine, celestial light!
Clear registrar of time, and tide, and space!
Grandly, from thine illimitable height
Thy Maker's name thou dost on all things trace,
Whilst scattering blessings for the human race.

Resplendent type of light and love divine,
That deepest gloom and darkness doth efface—
Choice witness art thou in the heavens sublime
Of Him whose light and love through thee so richly shine.

And thou, too, lovely Moon! serenely fair,
Calm empress of the dark and solemn night!
What can with thy chaste radiance but compare?
As in a trance of holy rapt delight
Thou bathest earth and sea in silvery light.
Symbol art thou of peace and purity,
Pavilioned in profound star-bannered height!
Making a mirror of each silvered sea,
Where spheres may print the glorious name of Deity.

Inspired, enchanting Nature! how can man
Unmoved behold thy peerless majesty,
Through which the voice of God, since time began,
Has been discoursing so melodiously,
Revealing His great laws untiringly.
Beloved ensign of Almighty power,
Exponent of the mind of Deity.
His lavish gifts thou'rt privileged to shower,
Whilst whispering of His mighty love each fleeting hour.

It seems as if my life had ever been,
Dear Nature, in sweet sympathy with thine;
For in thy wondrous love-lit works I've seen
A lustrous reflex of the will divine
Which has inspired to nobler efforts mine.

And as I close this joyous lay to thee,
Honoured revealer of His love sublime,
I would with thine unite my minstrelsy
Of loving worship to earth's glorious Deity.

As in the happy spring-time of my youth,
When things terrestrial seemed celestial too,
Ere yet the blighting signs of sin and crime
Shaded the beauteous scene life spread to view,
And earth and heaven were sheened in rosiest hue.
So even now, in life's declining day,
Beloved Nature, dost thou charm and woo ;
And with thee, as in youth, my soul would raise
Unto the mighty God her sweetest songs of praise.

For the great Father, throned in light above,
Whose power on every atom is inscribed,
Made thee to us a messenger of love,
Which thou, in sweetest tones, on every side,
Proclaimest in thy brightness far and wide.
So it is meet that we with thee should raise
To Him who rules the earth, and air, and tide,
Our best and worthiest, never-ceasing lays
Of universal world-wide worship, love, and praise.

THE GRAVE OF CADIEUX.

A CANADIAN LEGEND.



AMONGST the many touching legends that entwine
 With the dark-flowing Ottawa, none charmed me
 more
 Than that connected with a simple tomb that stands
 Within the portage of the Seven Falls. 'Tis placed
 Beneath the frowning mountain called the "High," in face
 Of the green island known as "the great Calumet."
 There, hidden in the shade of an o'erhanging rock,
 May still be seen the grave of the devoted one
 Who lies self-buried at its base. No chiselled stone
 Attracts the passer-by; only a wooden fence,
 Which the kind habitants from time to time renew
 With zealous care, thus making it a monument
 Of a deep and living reverence, than which no pile
 Of sculptured marble could more fitly speak. I sought
 To learn the history of one so revered
 And loved, and, thanks to Dr. Taché and Le Moine,
 My search was fruitful, and thus runs the simple tale.
 In years long past, when for a century the sound
 Of the Red Indian's war-whoop made these forests ring
 And vibrate with its echo, when fierce hostile tribes
 In deadly hatred of each other, evermore
 Contended, and when might rather than right was law,
 There came amongst the tribe of Algonquin, a man
 Of courage, dauntless as their own, a scholar, too,
 Of high repute, by birth a Frenchman, and by name

Cadieux. He was interpreter for those who held
The royal flag of France above them. In their name
He came to settle sundry differences, that
Had risen up between them, and so well did he
Acquit himself of his high trust, that though at first
They cast distrustful eyes upon the pale-faced man,
And scarce would brook his presence, yet ere long
His mission had accomplished; he so well had won
Their confidence and love, that as the time drew near
For his return, they all besought him to remain ;
And as their strange and simple life had many charms,
He yielded free consent—more readily because
The tender flame of love was kindling in his soul.
For dark-eyed Ushas, daughter of the chief, the pride
Of all that brave Algonquin tribe, whose warrior sons
Were nerved to deeds of valour and of warlike skill,
When but one word from her, one glance of her dark eyes
Was given them in praise. Young Ushas was, in truth,
The gladness and the darling of the camp, the joy
And pride of every heart to whom age lent the claim
To call her daughter. And the Indian maidens loved
Their sister Ushas, and moved round her as should move
The subjects of a well-beloved queen, without
The slightest fear or envy. Jealousies there were,
No doubt, amongst themselves, but haply none for her.
And Ushas loved the pale-faced stranger with a love
As fond and fervent as his own, and all agreed
That she of all the tribe was dearest of a love
Noble and deep as that of Cadieux. So with them
He hunted the wild antlered moose, and angled oft
In those great inland seas, their lakes, and with them sat

After the toil of day, beside the camp-fire, whose
Aroma rose like incense unto heaven, while they
Told of the war-trail and its deeds of blood, and he
Spoke to them of the white man's home beyond the seas ;
Then, after thanking the Great Spirit for their strength,
And hunting-grounds, they sought within the wigwam's shade
That grateful rest, which the free air of heaven, and eke
Their hardy mode of life, so well insured. And oft
At close of day the young men and the maidens danced
And sang the legends of their race, and of those wars
With hostile tribes which oft had made the warrior chiefs
Of Algonquin a terror to their foes. One tribe
Alone they feared, the fierce, inhuman Iroquois ;
But they had kept aloof for many years, and so,
Being at peace with them and neighbouring tribes, they grew
Forgetful of their foes, save when perchance the song
Awoke long-slumbering vengeance in their breasts, then one,
Indeed, might know that war and carnage were their joy
And heritage—so wild their gestures, and their words
So full of fearful import. Thus time speeding fled,
And Cadieux felt, with Ushas' love, the happiest man
That trod the beautiful earth. And when the warrior chief
Gave him the precious jewel of his heart, before
The assembled tribe, the happy pair, all radiant then
With joy, stood pledged as partners unto death, and one
In Heaven's sight. With him they smoked the calumet
Of peace, and called him by the sweet, endearing name
Of brother. And Cadieux and Ushas lived for years
In a pure atmosphere of love.—In hunting he
Passed the bright summer months, and the clear winter days
Trading in furs, as was the custom of the tribe.

And so it chanced one early spring, when all were met
To go to Montreal to sell the skins which they
Had gathered through the winter, just ere they should leave,
A youthful Indian, who was posted to keep watch
About the track they took, rushed scared and breathless in,
Panting with fear, and shouting to the Algonquins—
“Nataoué, Nataoué!—the Iroquois,
The Iroquois!” There lay, in truth, in ambush placed
To intercept them, a strong band of that fierce tribe,
Waiting to seize upon the birch canoes, which at
That season usually descended, laden deep
With rich and costly skins. One only chance there was
Of safety and escape, a rash and desperate one!
Full of appalling dangers! But what matter whilst
Their homes and havings were at stake, and more than these,
Dear life and liberty; for well they knew their fate,
Should they be conquered by the Iroquois, their foes
Deadliest and most unyielding. Thus their only hope
And chance of safety, then, was to attempt to shoot
Those fearful rapids, which had often rudely drawn
Beneath their eddying depths those who had vainly striven
To drive their bark across them. But having no choice,
They quickly set themselves t’ arrange and form their plans
For prompt and desperate action. First ’twas found to be
Essential they should post some pickets in the woods,
To fire, and draw away th’ attention of their foes,
Whilst all the rest embarked, and took their chance to run
Those wildly-raging rapids, to evade their foes.
Cadieux, whom all alike pronounced most resolute
And ablest of the band, was chosen, with a young
Algonquin warrior, for the mission. Fondly, then,

They took a speedy, agonizing leave of all
Their loved and loving ones, from whom stern fate decreed
That they should part; and, armed with gun and tomahawk,
They hastened to the woods. The rest, meanwhile, prepared
The bark canoes; there breathless sat, as they that wait
Th' explosion of a mine which they themselves have fir'd—
Until the signal gun of Cadieux and his friend
Should mark the time had come for them to break from out
Their covert, and to start upon their fearful race.
Thus, as the sound of fire-arms in the distance woke
The forest's slumbering echoes, onward bravely went
The frail canoes, that flew like sea-birds 'mid the foam
And traitorous rocks—on! o'er the whirling waters, on!
It was a race for life—dear life. Naught save the skill,
The almost superhuman skill and practised eye
Of the keen Indian (under Providence) could save
From certain death within that dark and dangerous hour.
On! flying still by hissing whirlpools, whose wild rage,
Had they but neared them, would have whirled and sucked
them down
To their deep caves; but, thanks unto the mighty God,
This danger is escaped! The treacherous rapids now
Threaten their quick destruction. Shivering, on they go—
O Heavens! that awful leap! that steep and frightful rock!
That angry pool below, yawning to suck them in!
They rise, they sink—but no, they're safe, thank God—they're
safe!
Th' appalling danger's past, they're in smooth water now,—
And soon, their hearts o'erflowing with deep gratitude,
They're landed safe beyond the unholy grasp and reach
Of the ferocious Indians.

And Cadieux's wife
Related after, that she nothing saw through all
The terrors of their dread and reeling passage, save
The beauteous form of a fair spirit, angel-winged,
Hovering above, as though directress of their way,
And guardian through its course. They had, before they left
Their homes, through pleading tears, invoked the good Saint
Ann,
The well-beloved patron of the mariner ;
And she it was whom Ushas, with the eye of faith,
Saw hovering near, Heaven-sent, to guide them and to save.

When Cadieux and his comrade fired, the Iroquois
Fled wildly to the woods, imagining they were
Assailed by the whole tribe of Algonquin, and there
Took up their various posts for action and defence.
Soon they o'ertook surprised the brave Algonquin youth,
Whose warrior soul shot lightnings from his eyes, and nerved
His arm with strength gigantic, so that ere his foes
Accomplished half their purpose, he had prostrate laid
Three of his fierce assailants, whom that other foe
(Whose thirst for life is never quenched), with icy touch
And stern, relentless grasp, soon seized on as his prey.
The death-yell and the war-whoop now ringed out afar
With dread and stern significance ; the forest aïdes
Repeat the shrill and well-known call which all the tribe
With savage joy at once obey. The warrior youth,
Enclosed on every side, is soon cut down, for none
Could long withstand their force. Then, horrible to tell,
The scalping-knife appears, and finishes the deed
Of blood and vengeance. Wail aloud, O Earth ! and Heaven

Take up the righteous strain, that men, fiend-like, should dare
To lave them in the sacred stream of human blood !

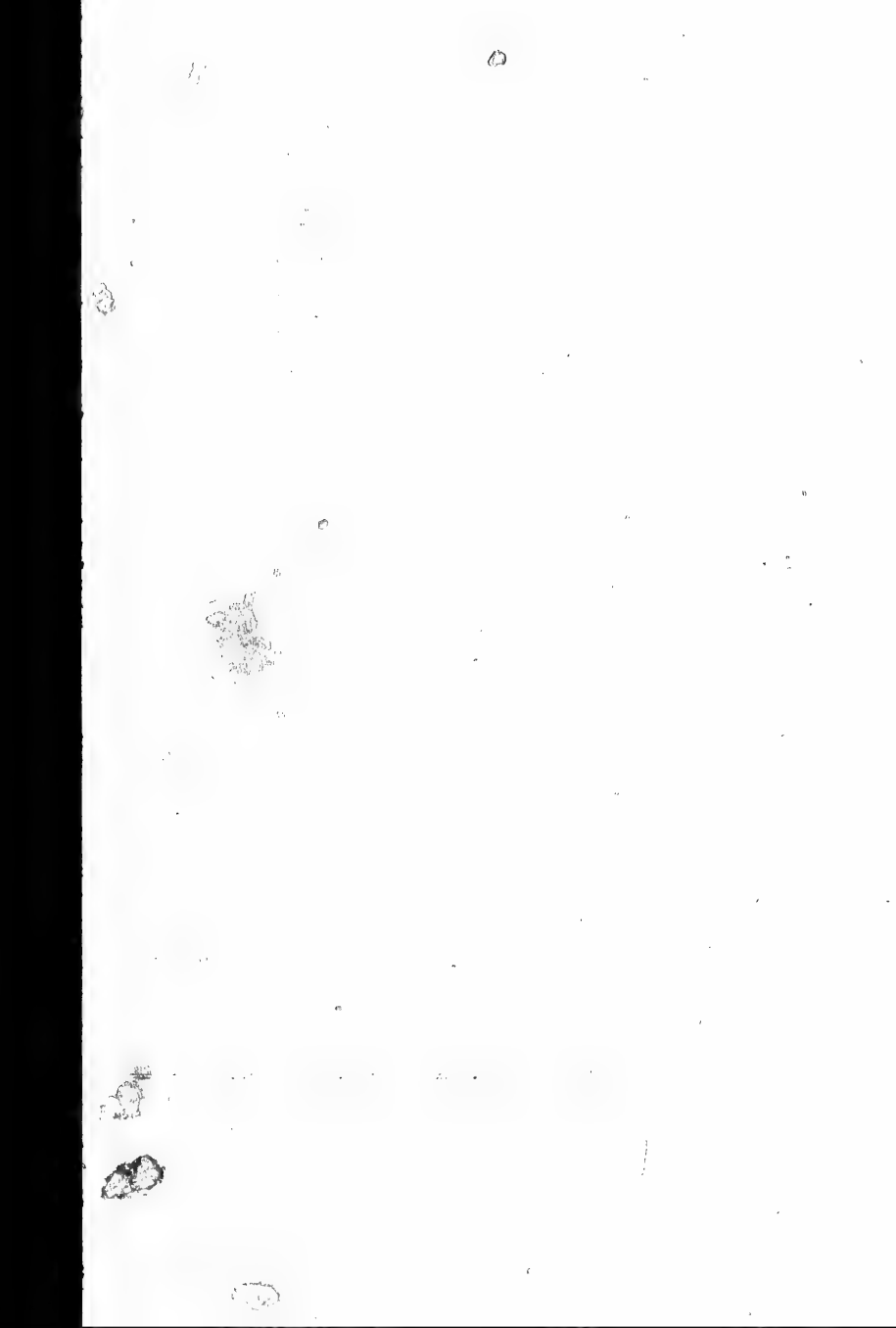
For three long days the wild and furious Iroquois,
Thirsting for blood, searched the recesses of the woods
To find th' encampment of the foe ; never did they
For but one moment think the Algonquins had shot
These dangerous rapids, or that all save Cadieux' self
Were far beyond their reach.

Hemmed in on every side,
Poor Cadieux then remained hid in the forest gloom,
Not daring to emerge. Day followed day, and night
Put on his sable mantle o'er and o'er, and still
He lay concealed far, far beyond the call of him,
The warrior youth who fell so nobly,—farther still,
Beyond the reach of help. And when, foiled and deceived,
The Iroquois abandoned the pursuit, he sought
In vain familiar paths of egress—he was seized
With that appalling malady, that wild and strange
Hallucination, known by French Canadians as
"La folie des bois," one of whose 'wildering symptoms is
The sad propensity its victims have to walk
In never-ending and continuous circles o'er
And o'er, without the slightest progress towards escape.
So Cadieux walked, and strove in vain to free himself
From the bewildering maze. His efforts were, alas !
Useless, and, weakened by exhaustion, loss of rest,
Exposure, want of food, the sad uncertainty
Attendant on the fate of those who were to him
Dearer than life, he found his strength was ebbing fast—
His end approaching ; then he built a simple hut

Of twigs and branches, and, despairing, he sank down
Within it, grieving o'er his sad and bitter fate.
When lo! the sound of human voices, which had not
For seven long weary days once fallen on his ear,
Now stole melodiously, with clear and thrilling sound,
Through the dark forest trees. Then stealthily he peered
From out his hiding-place, with cautious furtive glance,
Not venturing to come forth, lest they he hoped were friends
Might prove to be his foes; but oh! delight extreme,
And joy unspeakable! He found they were indeed
His own loved Algonquins, in anxious search for him.
His sufferings all seemed past, and the assurance given
Thus sweetly by their presence, that his darling wife
And pretty babes were safe, brimmed up his cup of joy,
And filled his heart with gratitude. Such happy thoughts
As these did flit with speed electric through his weak
Enfeebled brain, as he essayed to speak the thoughts
That welled within him. But, alas! in vain he strove
To utter them. His tongue clave to his parched mouth,
His failing strength refused to lend support to his
Exhausted frame, which prostrate fell, and he sank down
In all the agony of seeing those who came
To save him, pass him by unnoticed. Still he lay
As one in the embrace of death, without the power
Of utterance or motion, but alive to all
Their yearnings for his safety, and their calls upon
His name, repeated loud and frequently. He was
As one bound down with iron fetters to the cold
Damp earth, tongue-tied, incapable of all save thought
The cruel agonizing thought of his sad fate.
And when at length he broke with force the galling

Chain of his enthraldom, his devoted friends had passed
 Beyond his feeble call. His troubled spirit then
 Broke out in lamentations pitiful, for he
 Felt all the bitter anguish of approaching death.
 With trembling haste he tore a sheet of birchbark, and
 Upon it, in an agony of soul, he wrote
 His dirge and funeral-chant with loving fond adieux,
 And the sad tale of his unhappy, cruel fate,
 To his devoted wife. Then forming a rude cross
 Of pine, he placed it at the head of his poor hut,
 And bending low he humbly sought to make his peace
 With the All-Merciful; then folded his thin hands
 Across his wearied breast. His gentle spirit passed
 Beyond the golden gates.

Thus did poor Cadieux die.
 And when his anxious friends, the following day, repassed
 On their return, they found the body, scarcely cold,
 Of him they long had sought, the hands still firmly clasped
 Across the breast, and by the dead the sheet of bark,
 Inscribed in feeble characters, scarce legible.
 This chant, called "*Cadieux plainte*," the *habitans* had set
 To a sweet melody, which even to this day
 Is sung among them, and the dear name of Cadieux
 Is held in fondest reverence and love by that
 Devoted tribe of Algonquin, where the swift stream
 Of Ottawa's dark waters flow. And still they keep
 His grave well fenced and hung around with freshest wreaths
 Of beauteous everlasting flowers, and the grass green
 As the fond memory, within their hearts, of him
 Whose sacred ashes lie within its precincts dim.



HALLOWE'EN.



HEY bid me sing of Hallowe'en, and of those far-past days

When bonnie Scotland had her trains of airy sprites
and fays,

Her spunkies, warlocks, kelpies weifd, to haunt each pass
and lynn,

Her chattering old beldames, and witches gaunt and thin.

When from dark wooded coverts, or caverns wild and deep,
Bright fairies and dark furies came, wild revelry to keep —
To weave the web of destiny for mortals young and fair,
And through dark mystic hidden lore their future to declare.

Thus on the fête of Hallowe'en, at that sweet hour of day
When nature robes her beauteous form in a dreamy haze of grey,
All in the stilly gloaming, or when the moon rode high,
And stars peeped out so joyously from bright homes in the sky;

The bonnie lads and lassies met to tempt each charm and spell,
To show them in the future linked with those they loved full well;
And strange would it have been, indeed, if thus the eye or ear
Could other than the loved one see or other voices hear.

For the bright image that is loved is linked with all things fair,
Its voice floats through all melody, its form seems everywhere,
Thus well has Caledonia bold her children led to see
Their cherished idols shadowed forth, in airy mystery.

Blindfolded, hand in hand, some went the sweet stock to select;
For on its being great or small, crooked or erect,
Depended, in prophetic age, the stature, low or tall,
Of those whom they one day might hope husband or wife to
call.

Some to a looking-glass would wend, and eat an apple there,
Alone before the mirror bright, combing their flowing hair;
And O, creative power of thought, just peeping round the ear,
The dear face of the wished-for one would certainly appear.

Some to the kiln alone would speed, and stealthily throw in
A clew of blue yarn to the pot, and then anew begin
To form it in another clew, and just e'er 'twas re-wound,
Demand "Wha hauds?" and sure a voice the loved one's name
would sound.

Then some sowed hemp-seed in the ground, and harrowed it
with care,
All in the dark lone silent night, with none the task to share,
Saying, "I sow three hemp-seeds now, and he that is to be
My dear companion throughout life, come, follow after me."

O'er the left shoulder, if they looked, in the dim dreamy night,
The loved one's form was plainly seen, through shadows of the
night;
And happy girls rejoicing went in innocence of heart,
Feeling quite sure their best beloved would never from them
part.

Others went unperceived to barns, and with the winnowing
wicht

Went through the attitudes of those who the ripe corn collect ;
Three times with both doors opened wide repeated was the spell
Which conjured to their longing eyes the forms they loved full
well.

After, the charms of dishes comes, one filled with water clear,
The second empty, and the third with water from the mere ;
Blindfolded, then, the left hand straight was slipped into the one
Which sealed its fate in after-life, and caused much mirth
and fun.

For if it dipped in water clear, the future spouse would be
A bachelor, or if in foul, a widower you'd see ;
But O, if in the empty dish the naughty hand should dip,
The luckless one would ne'er the joys of matrimony sip.

Then to the bean-stalk some would hie, unnoticed and alone,
And three times fathomed it all round, when, lo, beside them
shone

Their best-beloved in mystic light, who for one moment pressed
The hand of her whose love for him he cunningly had guessed.

And next the charm of burning nuts, which all like well to try,
Gravely upon the coals they're placed, and named with blushes
shy ;

For as they crackle, start, or fall, or quietly ~~light~~,
So could they well divine the state of their love's constancy.

Then came the last, a social spell, which several could try
Together by a rivulet, beneath the star-lit sky—
A spot where three lairds' lands conjoined—there, 'neath the
pale moonbeam,
They dipped the left sleeve of the dress in the laughing moon-
lit stream.

Then they would go to rest beside a fire all blazing bright ;
And lo ! just at the midnight hour, on the enraptured sight
The form the mind had dwelt upon most likely would appear,
To turn and dry the spell-bound sleeve, then gently disappear.

Thus, in the good old days long past, in cottage and in hall,
Through bonnie Scotland's lovely plains, among the great and
small,
The fête of Hallowe'en was kept, and many a canny pair
On that eve, after cowins, vowed each other's lot to share.

Long, long may bonnie Scotland, then, her happy children see
Passing the happy Hallowe'en in healthful mirth and glee
For simple pleasures never fail to cheer the heart and mind,
And old and young, and great and small, in sweet communion
bind.

TWILIGHT.—ST. ANN'S WELL.



IS the sweet twilight, all is still,
Save the lone brooklet of the hill ;
And why art thou not resting, stream ?
Come, seek repose, and with me dream.

Industriously, the streamlet still
The pretty font went on to fill ;
" My Maker's will," it seemed to say,
" Is, that I toil each night and day.

" His high commands I must obey,
So through the rock I take my way,
And come, a messenger of love,
From the pure font of God above.

" The honoured emblem am I here
Of heavenly waters far more clear ;
Whoever drinks of that pure stream
Will never thirst,—delicious dream !

" Thousands of thirsty spirits here
I every day delight to cheer ;
Grateful they are, and love me well,
And of my pure intentions tell.

" I love to gladden all below,
And lave the brow of care and woe.
I oft drive pestilence away,
And sometimes even death do stay."

Thus spoke the stream, and in its tone
So glad and cheerful, though alone,
I learnt a lesson sweet and clear—
E'en in the brook His voice to hear.

Farewell, thou pure and happy stream !
I'll to my home, and of thee dream ;
My Maker's bidding seek to know,
And do as cheerfully as thou.

FAREWELL TO MALVERN.



FAREWELL to thee, Malvern, but ere I depart
I'll print thy dear name on the core of my heart;
My fondest remembrances ever will cling
To thee, who art worthy of all I can sing.

How often will memory fondly retrace
Each feature and shade of thy beautiful face,
Thy dear Abbey Church, and its fair churchyard around,
The peal of thy bells, with their sweet chiming sound.

And more than the Abbey, the good vicar there,
Who God's love to man doth so ably declare,—
Such earnest entreaty, such faithful reproof,
Re-echoes each Sabbath from that sacred roof.

Thy Promenade Gardens, where often at eve
I've lingered—which still I've regretted to leave,
My spirit delightful refreshment has found,
'Neath thy sweet-scented air and thy music's sweet sound.

But ne'er can my verses sufficiently tell
Of the purity living in each drooping well;
For the virtues that lie in thy clear sparkling streams
Are worthy of lofty and soul-stirring themes.

Thy beautiful hills, with such sweet verdure clad,
And fresh balmy air, making happy and glad
The spirits of thousands, who early and late
On thy grassy summit hold many a fête.

And then, 'tis the home of a man of rare fame,
 Rare talents, rare worth, Doctor G——y by name,
 Whose wonderful skill — refinement combined
 Administers balm to the body and mind.

All things thus endear thee, dear Malvern, to me,
 And force me to offer this tribute to thee ;
 For each time I visit thee strengthens the spell
 In which thou hast taught me to love thee so well.

Farewell, beloved Malvern, where'er I may be,
 In gladness or sorrow, I'll ne'er forget thee ;
 Rejoicing and grateful that ever we met,
 I leave thee with sorrow and heartfelt regret.

GOD IN NATURE.



OD'S glory is reflected through
 Each lovely glittering star,
 The golden sun and gentle moon
 Proclaim His love afar.

What wealth of meditative food !

For all who will unroll

And trace the mercy-teeming truths
 Of beauteous nature's scroll.

Who could withstand her myriad charms,
 New-born each changing hour,
 The witchery of her melodies
 That fill each forest bower,

The carol of her songsters free,
Gushing in glad delight ;
The sweet low whirr of tiny wings,
Sporting in sunbeams bright.

The mountains rising peak on peak,
Far up into the sky,
In solemn, silent, majesty,
To throne themselves on high.

The gorgeous sunset's crimson blaze,
With ardent love aglow,
As in a fond embrace it holds
The gladdened earth below.

Through all these wondrous sights and sounds
Mingles a spirit voice,
Which sanctifies their melodies,
And bids the heart rejoice.

Sweet melodies of silence, too,
The spirit inly hears,
Floating through nature's pulse, to form
The music of the spheres.

'Tis God's own energizing smile
Nature reflects around,
And His own loving voice that thrills
Through nature's every sound.

Then O, my soul, acknowledge Him
Who speaks thus unto thee,
And through creation's wondrous works
His love-lit glory see.

A DREAM.



HAD a dream, a blissful dream, alas too quickly gone;

I thought I was once more thy bride, my own beloved one,

That earth was tinged with roseate hues, and brilliant beams of joy,

That filled our souls with ecstasy, and bliss without alloy.

I thought that thou wert all my own, that I was wholly thine,

That thy fond heart would ever beat in unison with mine,—

That naught in life could sever us, or dim our sunny way,

As we walked together in the light of a ne'er ending day.

Then the scene changed; night's sable shroud was o'er the land and sea,

Loud thunders pealed and lightnings flashed, thou fondly shelter'dst me,

And whisper'dst that though storms might rage, thou me from harm would'st hide,—

That I must never, never fear, when thou wert by my side.

Ah! little did I need such words, for fear could never come

With thy dear hand fast locked in mine, my best-beloved one;

Thy smile was sunshine to my path, 'twas night when thou wert far,

Thou wert my darling and my pride, my bright glad guiding star.

♦ I knew no joy beyond thee then, my trusting heart could tell
How ev'ry pulse with rapture beat, in loving thee so well ;
With thee beside me I was strong, e'en in that trying hour,
Ready within thy sheltering care to brave the tempest's power.

And as I dreamt, the storm was stilled, the tempest passed
away,

And we sat within a sheltered nook, beside a moon-lit bay ;
We then, with loving, tender tones, beguiled the fleeting time ;
I knew thy love was all my own, as mine was wholly thine.

We watched the surging waters play, the great ships gliding by,
And heavenly calm possessed our hearts, as we gazed on sea
and sky ;

And the outpouring of our souls was wafted far above,
In homage for the precious gift of our pure and perfect love.

And we prayed that naught might ever come our love to change
or dim,

Through sorrow, joy, or grief, unfaithfulness or sin ;
Together live, together die, united heart and hand,
To live a long eternity in that far-off, better land.

And as I dreamt this happy dream, I breathed thy much-loved
name,

The spell was broken, I awoke, and o'er my spirit came
The thought that thou wert gone from me, and I sad and alone,
With icy chillness at my heart, in my solitary home.

O happy dream ! that gave me back, though but for one short
hour,

The bliss of blessing, being blest, by love's almighty dower ;
E'en now the pressure of thy hand, my darling, rests in mine,
And angel voices seem to say - I shall again shine.

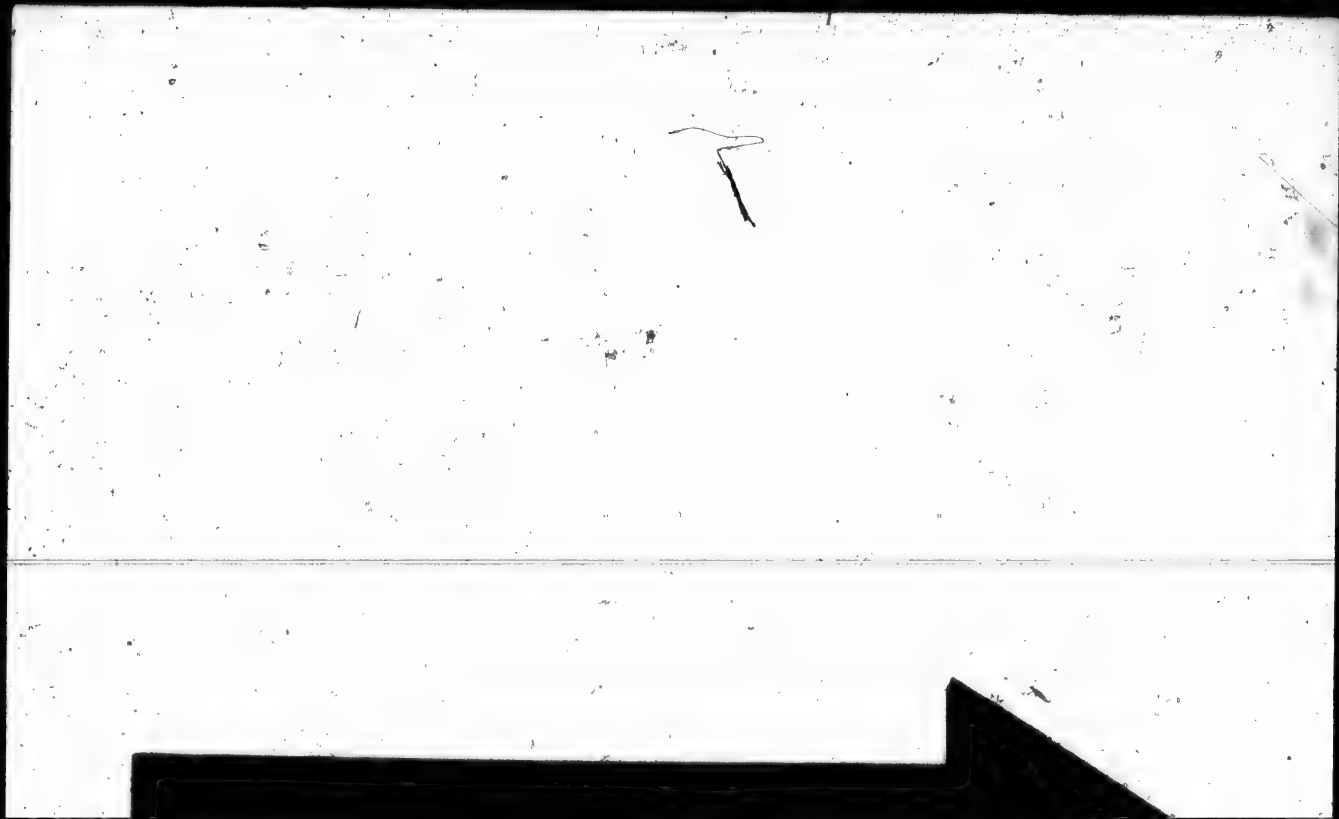
NIAGARA.



HAIL, splendour-sheened, superb Niagara!
 Entranced I gaze on thy majestic form,
 And listen to thy mighty thunder tones,
 That roll for ever and for ever on
 In a wild chaos of tumultuous strife.
 Earth, trembling in an ecstasy of joy,
 Vibrates beneath thy overwhelming power;
 Winds freighted with thy magic minstrelsy
 Fly to far distant plains to spread its fame,
 And truthful echoes murmur it again.
 Unutterable are the thrilling thoughts
 That stir my being as I gaze on thee,
 And listen to thy song, that fills the air
 With nature's sweet, impassioned eloquence,
 As raising thy triumphant voice to Heaven
 In solemn anthems of exultant praise,
 Or leaping o'er thy lovely rock-bound curve,
 In 'wilderling speed through hidden depths to flow,
 And chant thy wondrous song in caves below,—
 Or when rebounding with renewed delight,
 To fashion exquisite transparent webs
 Of soft ethereal lightness, to fling o'er
 The splendour of thy beauty, which but veils,
 Not hides, its rare, surpassing loveliness.
 What heaven-born majesty of form is thine!
 What impress on thee rests of power divine!
 As bathed in the glad lovelight of the sun,
 And circled by rich, brilliant rainbow hues,

Thy emerald diadem is glorified
 As with the light of thousand flashing spears,
 Forming a mystic crown that well becomes
 The dazzling splendour of thy massive brow,—
 The brow which has confronted ages ! yet
 Still peerless beams in grace and loveliness :
 Mighty art thou, as when the Father's voice
 First called thee forth to chant thy solemn lays
 To vast primeval forests that engird
 Thy stately realm with wild magnificence.
 Well might "th' untutored Indian" at thy feet
 Fall prostrate, and imagine that he heard
 The voice of the Great Spirit in thy tones :
 Well might he with delighted reverence
 Erect his altar in thy hallowed shade ;
 For even as I gaze on thee, my soul
 Cannot but worship and adore, before
 The Architect of such wild loveliness.
 Oh, I could wondering look on thee until
 Outwearied Nature could no longer gaze ;
 So chaste thou art, so mighty, grand, and free
 In all thy native wild sublimity ;
 Never exhausting thy sweet promptings, given
 To lead man's erring thoughts from earth to heaven.
 And I could listen to thy melodies,
 Till wearied Nature could no longer hear ;
 So teeming with supernal joy thy tones,
 So full of Nature's holiest harmonies,
 That as I fain would leave thee, thy sweet voice
 Lures me to falter, and return like some
 Love-stricken swain, who, ardent, still would press







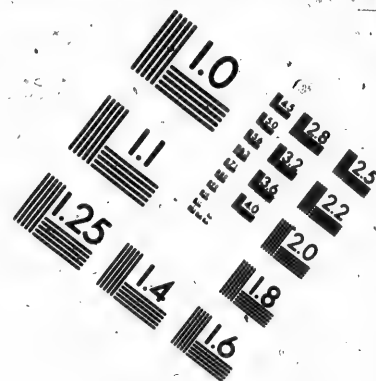
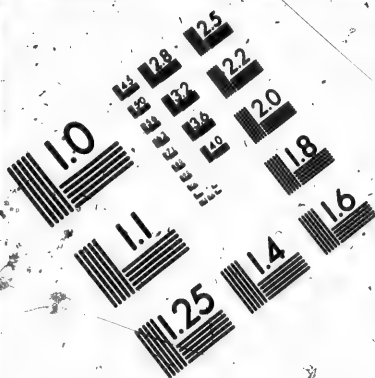
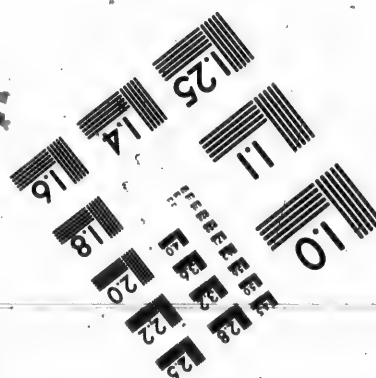
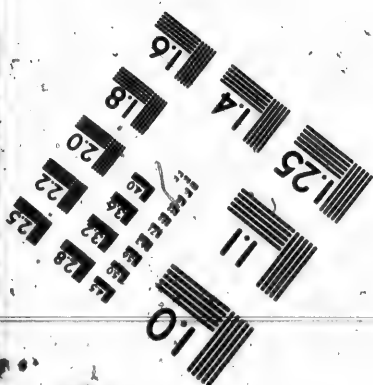
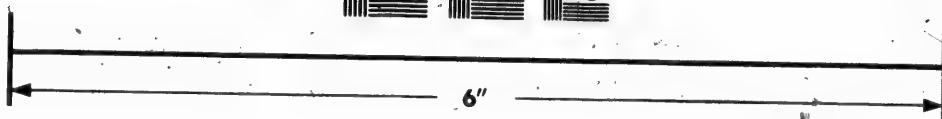
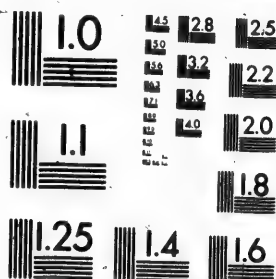


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Another and another-loving kiss
 Upon the rosy lip of her he loves,
 And even then would linger on again.
 Thus leave I thee, thou lovely cataract !
 And though perchance we meet no more, and though
 Stern ocean's waves between us barriers raise,
 Though years on years roll on, I'll ever guard
 A fond remembrance of thy witching power
 In memory's keeping, till life's closing hour.

ALONE IN THE MEADOWS.



LONE in the meadows ; far, far from the whirr
 Of the turbulent city's excitement and stir—
 With the thrice blessed spirit of nature around
 Pervading, inspiring each movement and sound.

Soft, light balmy zephyrs steal on with the breeze,
 To kiss the young leaflets and fresh budding trees ;
 To skim the bright river, and sport with the gleam
 Of the silvery sunlight at play with the stream.

The glad woodland songsters their sweet warblings raise
 In an outburst of ecstasy, worship and praise ;
 And the exquisite music ascends to the sky
 To mingle with angel songs floating on high.

The melody spreads its clear echoes afar,
 To join the rapt song of the glad morning star,
 Till the spheres with the angels unite their glad lays,
 And the wide-spreading heavens are vocal with praise.

Each bladelet of verdure, each wavelet of light,
Seems steeped in a transport of joy and delight;
A spell of enchantment encircles the scene,
As the sun's golden lovelight floods meadow and stream.

The clear glassy river reflects the deep blue
Which the sun-gloried regions unfolds to its view;
Till it seems like another bright heaven below,
With the joy of its beautiful being aglow.

O glory of heaven! O beauty of earth!
To what exquisite pleasure and bliss ye give birth,
As ye waken the strings of the soul's sacred lyre,
And elevate, strengthen, delight, and inspire.

My soul, tuned by these, wings her flight to the skies,
In a transport of wonder, delight, and surprise—
To join in the glorious outpourings of praise,
Which the whole realm of nature to God doth upraise.

HYMN TO NATURE.



DEAR nature! how I love thee,
In all the varied forms
Through which the God of beauty
Thy loveliness adorns,—
Pure fount of gushing gladness
From springs of heavenly birth,
Whose living waters flow for
The children of the earth.

Crowned by soft, beauteous moonbeams
Of holy, silvery light,
Types of that ancient pillar
That led the hosts by night—
Kissed by fond golden sunbeams
Of love-streams from on high,
Well, may thy glad song ever
Fill the wide earth and sky.

Song-laden is thy glad voice,
As borne on evening breeze,
By perfumed zephyrs streaming,
O'er summer blossomed trees ;
Thou art the clear revealer
Of universal love,
The spirit-harp whose glad cords
Were harmonized above.

All who desire can waken,
And bid its myriad strings,
Thrill with rich song which seemeth
To float on angel wings,
Could we but tune *our* heart strings
In unison with thine,
What melody would fill space
With harmony divine !

Creation then uniting
With nations near and far,
Might join the song celestial
Of the glad morning-star.

In praise to the Great Father,
 Ruler of land and sea,
 Supreme Friend and Controller
 Of earth's vast family.

THE ROSE SHOW.



STOOD within that spacious marble hall
 A unit midst the throng, and in the tide
 Of human life that flowed in mingling streams
 Of wondering admiration and delight,
 I passed unnoticed and alone—alone
 With my own welling thoughts and memories ;
 The hall was decked with bounteous Nature's wealth,
 Girded with roses of all shades and forms,
 Whose gorgeous hues and beauty well might be
 Rivals to those of far-famed Araby :
 And whose sweet breath told of their heavenly birth,
 In whispered messages of love divine :
 Some in chaste silver stood, and some in pure
 Transparent, crystal vase, of simplest form ;
 While interspersed with these were luscious fruits,
 Delicious grapes smiling through purple bloom
 With cooling melons and sweet-scented pine,
 And flanking these, in contrast exquisite,
 Was ranged a very paradise of ferns,
 Whose delicate refreshing tints of green
 Gave tone and finished beauty to the scene,
 And with the many coloured orchids made
 A guard of honour and a welcome shade !

And as I sat entranced and gazed below,
Rich gleams of golden sunlight flooded through
The row of western windows, lighting up
The lofty pillars with a brilliancy
That made their polished surface seem to bring
A mirror for the day's all-beauteous king,
Who came, his parting blessing to bestow,
With fond good-night and kiss for all below.
And as I saw him throw his last dear gleam
Of lingering fondness o'er the magic scene,
The floodgates of life's memory seemed unloosed,
And I was in a vista of past years
Dreaming of those I dearly loved, and glad
In memories long treasured up for heaven,
Crowning in fancy some lost loved one's brow
With wreaths of laurel and forget-me-not,
And resting in the trust that future time
Would re-unite their loving hearts with mine
In all the fulness of a life sublime,
Renewed and purified by power divine,
To live a long eternity above,
A blissful immortality of love.
Then lovely twilight made her presence felt,
As daylight gently into night did melt,
And from chaste crystal pendant lamps on high
Streamed dazzling light, as though with heaven's to vie,
And the bright roses brighter seemed to grow,
The ferns more light and graceful 'neath its glow,
Whilst music in rich cadence floated by,
And mingling with sweet perfume soared on high,
As gradually the gay crowd ebbing passed,
And I alone sat dreaming to the last.

LA BELLA VENITIA AND THE MARIAN FESTIVAL.



RIDE of the Adriatic! Venice fair!
Glad sea-born nymph of eastern beauty rare,
Thou floatest on the unsubstantial sea,
Proudly as some grand sea-bird in lone majesty.

In mediæval splendour soaring high,
Thy stately palaces salute the sky.
"Poems in marble" many seem to be,
Discursing of thy bridal with the mighty sea.

Once the trade centre wert thou of the earth,
When thou, by commerce led, thy fleet sent forth
With the winged lion from each mast unfurled,
To every trading port of commerce in the world.

Venetian workmanship, without compare,
Adorned fair palaces with beauty rare,
Inimitable fabrics draped them too
With costly oriental webs and tissues new.

Then myriad gondolas at close of day
Glided to measured sounds of melody,
Through the fair city that a league from land
Floats like an isle enchanted o'er the unique strand.

The wealth that commerce lends around thee shone,
And filled with opulence each stately home,
Ere England, France, Spain, Holland vied with thee
In maritime importance o'er each distant sea.

Such wert thou, glad Venitia, at the time
When, in the fourteenth century near thy prime,
The Trieste Pirates, a determined band,
Within the new Republic dared in force to land.

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'Tis morning in Venetia, the sweet air
Of spring is scattering fragrance everywhere,
The city is astir betimes and gay,
For the famed Marian Festival is held to-day.

The Marian Festival of great renown,
When, from the poorest districts of the town,
Twelve maidens are selected annually,
Distinguished for their virtue, grace, and symmetry,

To be the brides of husbands whom the State
Has chosen for them, and who now await
Their coming, at St. Peter's, for 'tis near
The time when the fair maids should in the church appear.

The girls are dressed in flowing robes of white,
With loosened hair entwined with gold thread bright,
Each carrying in her hand a casket gay,
Which held the dower the State gave on her bridal day.

They step within a gorgeous barge of state,
With sunniest dreams of happiness elate,
Escorted by the Doge and Signorie
In gilded gondolas, with sweetest minstrelsy.

All hearts to joy respond—the perfumed air
Seems in the universal joy to share—
As the gay cavalcade and barge of state
Glide to the church's portals with their lovely freight.

And now within the sacred fane they stand,
Whilst keen delight pervades the festive band,
Each happy bridegroom leads his pretty bride
Up to the altar steps, elate with joy and pride.

Then groups of happy faces round them close,
Fair bridesmaids fresh as summer's budding rose,
Fond parents, neighbours, and kind friends are there
To cheer the bridal group and in its joy to share.

A flutter of delight illumines each face
When the good bishop steps into his place,
And, as he kindly greets the eager crowd,
From the superb old organ thunder pæans loud

But hark ! as the full choir united sing,
Sounds other than of melody now ring ;
For cries of terror rend the startled air
And fill the precincts of the sacred house of prayer.

Now armed men of hateful brigand mien
Have forced the doors, and 'mid the crowd are seen,
The startled throng fall back in dire affright,
Whilst ruffians seize the trembling brides and caskets bright.

Fleetly as arrows reach their destined mark
The pirates, treasure-laden, gain their bark,

And shoot, like lightning, o'er the great lagoon
As the gay bridal bells chime out the hour of noon.

Meanwhile the Doge, recovering his alarm,
Commands the people instantly to arm,
And in a fleet pursuit to o'ertake their foes,
Rescue the girls, and on the pirates fiercely close.

Soon every sort of boat that could be manned
Flew like wild sea-fowl o'er the outraged strand,
For Venice, as one man, determined rose
To rescue the fair brides and hurl to death their foes.

And such the fury of the incensed crowd,
Such their wild anger unrestrained and loud,
That each felt giant-handed for the fight,
Ready to die or conquer in the holy cause of right.

Fast flew the pirates o'er the waters blue,
And faster still their fierce pursuers flew,
Less, and yet less the intervening space,
And now, thank God, the fleet Venetians win the race.

The pretty brides unharmed were rescued soon,
And gently led back o'er the great lagoon,
The marriage ceremony then took place,
And joy once more illumined each happy heart and face.

ON THE MIDNIGHT OF DECEMBER 31st, 1874.

ARK! now athwart night's starlight vault methinks
there steals

A movement as of angels' wings, or as the sound
Of crystal waters murmuring their joy to heaven,
And to the night's calm queen; music it seems to be
As of the spheres, nearer and clearer on it comes—
And, lo! cleaving the air an ancient chariot looms,
Borne on the fleet wings of the wind, guided it is
By one whose time-wrought, heavenly mien, rich silvered locks,
And snow-white flowing beard, indisputably prove
Him veteran of the centuries, winged and enchained,
With glittering scythe in hand; beside him a fair child,
While coiled and crouching at his feet a serpent lies.
On through the midnight air the chariot swoops,
And as it passes, those sweet sounds we heard afar
Take form in words all men may hear, though in less time
Than I can tell they're heard no more, thus import this—
"Mortals! I am Old Time, sent hither to proclaim
That the past year has run its course, that it with all
Its chronicle of good and ill is now withdrawn
For a brief space, to re-appear in God's own time,
With its great records posted, that each then may know
What he has gained or lost during the rolling year.
Each loving thought, and deed, and smile are noted there,
Each drop of water kindly given, for such small deeds
Make up rich aggregates of good, for they who show
In little things their wealth of love to God, are sure
To be correct in the great trust which each one holds
As steward of the work assigned to him by heaven.

Records of such he takes with him, more precious far
Than earth's most costly jewels, which united are
As worthless dross compared with the rich living gems
Of god-like thoughts and deeds, from which glad angel bands
Fashion those crowns of glory for the great and true
Which, with transcendent lustre, fitly shall adorn
The brows of God's true-hearted for eternity !"
Then the great veteran spoke of evil deeds and crime
Recorded by the year, of want of love to God,
Of angry thoughts and words, of aid and sympathy
Too oft refused, of duties unfulfilled, and of
The drop of water even cruelly denied
To the unfortunate, and these, too, also make
Vast aggregates, though not, alas ! of good, from which
Dark bands forge ponderous chains for ill-deserving souls
To link them with their kind, far, far from heaven, and those
Who bask in the pure atmosphere of light and love.
All is described on those great tablets of the year—
"Mortals ! how will ye stand when they shall re-appear !
Be warned, the golden present still is yours, for, see,
The glad New Year appears—farewell ! remember me."

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